

The C

The
with the red
the King of
ter than pills.
Quinine and
ffered you a
lin & Co., pro

G. W. ADAIR.

G. W. ADAIR

14 Wall St

I have never
houses. Have
two days.

I have a custo-
mer for 7 rooms ne-
side preferred.
Another want
state capitol.
If you have a
me and I'll rent
My Ren
is well equipped.
made promptly.
etc., all careful

ANSL
Real Esta
2300-For a lot

Juniper, owner
 Kaiser if he w
 200-72 feet co
 3.10-ave. make
 125-Edgewood
 200-72 feet co
 \$1,250-6-room ne
 \$1,800-Forest ave
 \$11,000-Beautiful
 \$2,350-Inman Par
 the best bargai
 200-72 feet co
 \$2,000-E. Cain,
 Ivy.
 \$4,000-For an 8-r
 car line; lots 45
 Decatur property
 Office 12 E. Ala

Sam'l W. Goode.

SAM'L W.
 Real Est

7 ACRES on Mc
 where it crosses
 gina and Geo
 Tennessee; Virg
 form of paralle
 one brick corne

one new 5-room cottages; situated subdivision into site including plans terms.

SACRES in West and Greensboro: 5-room cottage, 2-room house, 2 buildings; conv only \$11,500; or the land, payab one and two years.

ALSO two acres room, well-built and outbuilding house, etc., only \$11,750; tax-exempt one-half acres; for a large, first.

SAMUEL
Corner Peach

ISAAC
Real Estate, S
25 Feb

\$2,500 buys nice
 alley on side on
 Decatur street.
 Considered cheap.
\$1,600 buys 5-room
 mit avenue just
 Forest avenue.
CHEAP piece of
 near Edgewood
\$3,000 buys 3 houses
 wood avenue 55
 to Chamberlin st
 listed on my box
\$2,550 buys 7-room

100 ft street. Tel
 \$2500 buys nice
 gas, lot 54x150,
 Jackson street;
 per month.
 The cheapest piece
 of books left a
 large lot, on W
 and let me tell y
 \$1000 buys 56 acre
 there is a new C
 6 miles fr
 Hams Mill road.
 lies well; \$1,000
 easy, or would e
 in the eastern po
 \$250 buys beautifu
 street, near W.
 balance to suit.
 Pretty lot on L
 figures.
 \$425 buys pretty lo
 cost over \$600.
 \$3,000 buys 6-room
 on Formwalt str

T. H. NORTHERN.
NORTHERN
Real Estate and
CAPITOL AVENUE
Story house, new
car, paved street,
car lines and pub-
lic streets in C
of it—\$3.50 buy
home on this
vary.
\$5.00 FOR new two
story, rented to
a half years at \$
rent, lot worth
balance cash.
\$5.00 BUYS a sta-
renting for 10 per
N

FOR
C. H. G
8 East Wall...
s-r. h., 106 Fernway
s-r. h., 4 Hood, wa
s-r. h., 112 C
s-r. h., 112 C

7-r. h., 36 Humphrie
 7-r. h., West Baker
 6-r. h., 411 Fraser
 5-r. h., Richardson
 5-r. h., 176 Nelson
 5-r. h., Smith
 5-r. h., 29 Hightow
 5-r. h., 61 West Cal
 5-r. h., 423 Woodwa
 5-r. h., 82 Hood..
 Landlords list yo
 you want prompt
 returns.

Book Co., 32

WONDERFUL PROGRESS

has been made the past five years in the manufacture of Spectacles and Eyeglasses, and we are keeping pace with the times.

Our houses has enjoyed an uninterrupted success for nearly a quarter of a century (over 23 years) and our facilities for grinding special glasses to order are unsurpassed by any house in this country.

The fame and reputation of our celebrated Spectacles, is we may truthfully say, almost world wide, as we have shipped these goods to

Central America, Germany, Mexico, California and Throughout the U. S.

Eyeglass tested and facial measurement's taken at

Headquarters for the United States,

A. K. HAWKES, No. 12 W. Mitchell Street, Atlanta, Ga.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

For Alderman.

The friends of MARK L. TOLBERT announce him as a candidate for alderman from the north side, subject to action of primary, September 28, 1934.

I respectfully announces myself as a candidate for alderman (south side) in the coming city primary, to be held September 28th, 1934. J. H. HUSCH.

I hereby announce as a candidate for alderman from the south side, subject to the primary ordered for September 28th. Knowing full well that I am a citizen of our city and under no promise to any one, I am nominated and elected to this position. I will be the best of my ability endeavor to promote the interest and prosperity of our entire city, regardless of section or locality.

— J. P. THOMAS.

To the Voters of

department and my six years' experience as superintendent of street paving for the Venable Bros. as evidence of my competency. R. H. CLARK.

I am a candidate for re-election to the office of commissioner of public works, subject to the primary of September 28, 1934. DAVID G. WYLLIE.

For City Engineer.

I respectfully announce that I am a candidate for the office of city engineer, subject to the primary September 28, 1934. R. M. CLAYTON.

H. T. McDaniel, ex-city engineer, is a candidate for city engineer before the primary, September 28th. He points to his record as a guarantee for the future.

For Sexton.

I hereby announce myself as a candidate for city sexton, subject to the democratic primary September 28, 1934. I solicit the support of all my constituents.

Candidate for Councilman.
I am a candidate for the city of Atlanta—I am able, subject to the action of the executive committee of the council, to accept or decline fully now after the interests of the city and its people my entire time to the service of the office.
O. RENEAU.

Atlanta, Ga., August 9, 1894. aug10-1m
I hereby announce myself as a candidate for consideration by the executive committee to the action of the city executive committee.
C. S. NORTEN.

For Council.
From First Ward.
I respectfully announce myself as a candidate for councilman from first ward at the coming city primary, to be held September 26th.
T. C. MAYBON.
The name of T. C. MAYBON is hereby announced as a candidate for council from the first ward, subject to the action of the city executive committee.

From Second Ward.
I respectfully announce myself as a candidate for councilman from the second ward at the coming city primary, to be held September 26th.
T. B. NEAL.
I announce myself as a candidate for council from 1st; second ward, subject to the action of the executive committee.
D. E. LUTHER.

At the request of friends, Thomas J. Day, is announced as a candidate for councilman from the third ward at the coming city primary, to be held September 26th.

WILLIAM H. BEATTY
I hereby announce myself as a candidate for city sexton subject to the approving democratic primary election.
CHARLES DALVINGNY

GEORGIA, FULTON COUNTY.—Ordinary's Office, July 13, 1894.—Charles A. Bancroft, administrator of D. C. Bancroft and heirs, represents that he has discharged the duties of his said trust, and prays for letters of administration. This is, therefore, to notify all persons concerned, to show cause, if any they can, on or before the first Monday in October next, why said executor should not be discharged from the discharge of his said trust. W. L. CALHOUN, Ordinary.
July 13-3m-sept.

GEORGIA, FULTON COUNTY.—Ordinary's Office, July 12, 1894.—Sarah J. Toon, administratrix of Joshua J. Toon, represents that she has discharged the duties of her said trust, and prays for letters of dismission therefrom. This is, therefore, to notify all persons concerned to show cause, if any they can, on or before the first Monday in October next, why said administratrix should not be discharged from the discharge of her said trust. W. L. CALHOUN, Ordinary.
July 13-3m-sept.

GEORGIA, FULTON COUNTY.—Ordinary's Office, July 12, 1894.—William S. Bancroft, administrator of D. C. Bancroft and heirs, represents that he has fully discharged the duties of his said trust, and prays for letters of dismission therefrom. This is, therefore, to notify all persons concerned to show cause, if any they can, on or before the first Monday in October next, why said administrator should not be discharged from the discharge of his said trust. W. L. CALHOUN, Ordinary.
July 13-3m-sept.

or such other nomination as may be prescribed by the city executive committee.

I respectfully announce myself as a candidate for councilman from the third ward at coming city primary, to be held September 23th. My object is to make this a live democracy.

WILLIAM H. ANDERSON.

From Third Ward.

I hereby announce myself as a candidate for councilman from the third ward subject to the primary on the 23th of September.

W. S. BELL.

I respectfully announce myself as a candidate for councilman from the third ward at the coming city primary on September 23th.

W. H. HULSEY.

I hereby announce myself a candidate for councilman of the third ward, subject to the actions of the city executive committee.

ARMOND P. WELLS.

Better known as "Scrap" Wells.

therefore, to notify all persons concerned, to the effect that I shall be discharged before the first Monday in October next, why said councilman should not be discharged.

W. L. CALHOUN, Ordinary.

July 13-3m-35.

GEORGE A. FULTON Council—Ordinary's Office, July 13, 1894.—S. N. Broyles, executor of Francis C. W. Stovall, represents that he has discharged the duties of his said trust, and prays for letters of dismission. This is, therefore, to notify all persons concerned, to the effect that I shall be discharged if any they can, on or before the first Monday in October next, why said executor should not be discharged from said trust.

W. L. CALHOUN, Ordinary.

July 13-3m-35.

GEORGE A. FULTON Council—Ordinary's Office, July 13, 1894.—Paul Romare, administrator of Louis A. Mueller, represents that he has discharged the duties of his said trust, and prays for letters of dismission. This is, therefore, to notify all persons concerned, to the effect that I shall be discharged if any they can, on or before the first Monday in October next, why said administrator should not be discharged from said trust.

W. L. CALHOUN, Ordinary.

July 13-3m-35.

[illegible]

From Sixth Ward.
I respectfully announce myself a candidate for collector from the sixth ward at the coming city election, September 28th.
HUGH T. INMAN.

At the request of many friends I announce myself as a candidate for collector from the sixth ward, subject to the primary nomination to be held September 28th.
G. C. GROSS.

I hereby announce myself a candidate for council from the sixth ward, subject to the democratic primary, and solicit the support of my friends and fellow citizens.
GEORGE W. FOREST AVE.

For City Tax Collector.
I respectfully announce myself as a candidate for city tax collector, subject to the primary September 28th. My election by the citizens of M. Roberts will be assistant tax collector.
JAMES BANKS.

I respectfully announce myself as a candidate for city clerk, subject to the primary September 28th.
W. L. CALHOUN.

GEORGIA, FULTON COUNTY.—Ordinary.
July 13-24m-sat.
The undersigned, Wm. B. Sturges, Esq., Ordinary of the County of Fulton, Georgia, has fully discharged the duties of his said trust, and prays for letters of dismission. This is, therefore, to notify all persons concerned to show cause, if any they have, before the first day of October next, why said executor should not be discharged from said trust.
W. L. CALHOUN, Ordinary.

GEORGIA, FULTON COUNTY.—Ordinary.
July 13-24m-sat.
The undersigned, John Fitzgibbon, administratrix of John Fitzgibbon, represents that she has fully discharged her duties of her said trust, and prays for letters of dismission. This is, therefore, to notify all persons concerned, to show cause, if any they have, before the first day of October next, why said administratrix should not be discharged from said trust.
W. L. CALHOUN, Ordinary.

GEORGIA, FULTON COUNTY.—Ordinary.
July 13-24m-sat.

deputy,
JOHN W. COLLIER, Jr.
City Clerk.
I announce myself as a candidate for city clerk, subject to any plan adopted by the city executive committee for the selection of a deputy. Mr. J. R. RICE, president of the city, has named me as his deputy.
CHAS. F. RICHMOND,
City Treasurer.
I hereby announce myself a candidate for city tax collector, election to take place on September 28th. I respectfully solicit the support of all citizens and public officials, and promise, if elected, a faithful performance of duty.
ED T. PAYNE,
City Assessor.
J. W. PHILLIPS is announced as candidate for city clerk and wishes the support of Atlanta's citizens, subject to action of the city executive committee on September 28. His deputy will be T. J. Buchanan.
T. J. Buchanan,
City City Treasurer.
I respectfully announce myself as a candidate for the office of city treasurer, subject to the action of the city executive committee, on September 28th. My opponent is Henry W. Phillips, Jr., of the Georgia State Bank, who was elected to the office, June 8, 1884.—Thomas T. Key, assistant city clerk, has notified the reporter that he has fully discharged the duties of his said trust, and prays for letters of administration. It is, therefore, to notify all persons concerned, to show cause, if any they can, on or before the first Monday in September, next, why the said Henry W. Phillips, Jr., should not be discharged from said trust.
W. L. CALHOUN, Ordinary.
June 9-3mo-st
GEORGIA, FULTON COUNTY.—Ordinary's Office, July 3, 1884.—Henrietta M. Yerger, administratrix of the estate of the deceased of said county, has fully discharged the duties of her said trust, and prays for letters of administration. It is, therefore, to notify all persons concerned, to show cause, if any they can, on or before the first Monday in October, next, why the said Henrietta M. Yerger should not be discharged from said trust.
W. L. CALHOUN, Ordinary.
July 14-3m-st
GEORGIA, FULTON COUNTY.—Ordinary's Office, July 14, 1884.—John M. Stephens, executor of Irene Stephens, deceased, has fully discharged the duties of his said trust, and prays for letters of administration. It is, therefore, to notify all persons concerned, to show cause, if any they can, on or before the first Monday in October, next, why the said John M. Stephens should not be discharged from said trust.
W. L. CALHOUN, Ordinary.
July 14-3m-st

ject to the primary
WILLIAM T. WALL,
I respectfully announce myself as a candidate for re-election to the office of city treasurer, subject to the primary September 25th.
JOSEPH T. ORME.
For City Marshal.
I respectfully announce myself a candidate for city marshal, subject to primary September 25th. Will name my deputies in a few days
JOHN W. HUMPHRIES.
I respectfully announce myself as a candidate for city marshal, subject to the primary September 25, 1894.
Beale.
Oscar HALL.
I hereby announce myself as a candidate for re-election to the office of city marshal subject to the primary September 25th.
EDWARD B. McCANDLESS.
For Commissioner of Public Works.
Believing that the interests of the public generally would be a civil engineer, I respectfully announce myself as a candidate for the office.
HUGH ANGER.

sents that he has fully discharged the duties of his office and is hereby giving letters of dismission. This is, therefore, to notify all persons concerned, to show cause, if any they have, on or before the first Monday in October next, why said executor should not be discharged from said office.
W. L. CALHOUN, Ordinary.
July 14-mn-st.
GEORGIA, FULTON COUNTY—Ordinary's Office, July 13, 1894.—CHIEF of Pope, administrator of William H. Howell, represents that he has fully discharged the duties of his office and is hereby giving letters of dismission. This is, therefore, to notify all persons concerned, to show cause, if any they have, on or before the first Monday in October next, why said administrator should not be discharged from said office.
W. L. CALHOUN, Ordinary.
July 14-mn-st.
GEORGIA, FULTON COUNTY—Ordinary's Office, July 13, 1894.—CHIEF of Pope, administrator of William H. Pope, represents that he has fully discharged the duties of his said trust, and prays for letters of dismission. This is, therefore, to notify all persons concerned, to show cause, if any they can, on or before the first Monday in October next, why said administrator should not be discharged from said office.

THE CONSTITUTION, JR.

DEVOTED TO THE INSTRUCTION AND AMUSEMENT OF THE YOUNG READERS OF THE CONSTITUTION.

Supplement to The
Atlanta Constitution.

ATLANTA, GA., SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 1, 1894.

LITTLE MR. THIMBLEFINGER

And His Queer Country—What the Children Saw and Heard There.

By JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS, (Author of "Uncle Remus.")

Copyrighted, 1894, by the Author.

PART XII.—A SINGING MATCH.

After telling how Brother Bear learned to comb his hair, Mr. Rabbit closed his eyes and seemed to be about to fall into a doze, as old people have been known to do. During the pause that followed Sweetest Susan saw what appeared to be a bird of peculiar shape sailing around in the sky of Mr. Thimblefinger's queer country.

It was long of body and seemed to have no wings, and yet it sailed about overhead as majestically and easily as an eagle could have done.

"What sort of a bird is it?" inquired Sweetest Susan, pointing out the object to Mrs. Meadows.

"Now, really, I don't know," was the reply. "They are so high in the sky and I've seen them so often that I've never bothered my head about them."

Mr. Thimblefinger climbed on the back of a chair, so as to get a better view of the curious bird, but he shook his head and climbed nimbly down again. The queer bird was too much for Mr. Thimblefinger. Mr. Rabbit opened his eyes lazily and looked at it.

"If I'm not much mistaken," he started to say, but Drusilla broke in without any ceremony:

"'Tain't nothin' 'tall, but one er dem ar meller bugs what swims aroun' in de spring."

"Why, I expect it is a mellow bug," said Mrs. Meadows, laughing. "I used to catch them when I was a girl and put them in my handkerchief. They smell just like a ripe apple."

"I thought it was a buzzard," said Buster John.

"No," remarked Mr. Rabbit, "I used to be well acquainted with Brother Buzzard, and when he's in the air he's longer from side to side than he is from each end. I don't know when I've thought of Brother Buzzard before. I never liked him much, but I used to see him sailing around on sunny days or sitting in the top of a dead pine drying his wings after a heavy rain. He cut a very funny figure sitting up there, with his wings spread out and drooping like a sick chicken."

"I remember the time, too, when he had a singing match with Brother Crow, and I nearly laughed myself to death over it."

"Oh, tell us about it," cried Buster John.

"There's nothing in it when it is told," replied Mr. Rabbit. "There are some things that are funny when you see them, but not funny at all when you come to tell about them."

"We don't mind that," said Sweetest Susan.

"I don't know exactly how it came about," resumed Mr. Rabbit, after a pause, "but as

the road that leads to Brag is the shortest route to Bluster. Brother Buzzard and Brother Crow were quarreling because they had been bragging, and a little more and they'd have had a regular pitched battle then and there.

"Maybe you can outfly me, Brother Buzzard," says Mr. Crow, "but I'll be bound you can't outsing me."

"I have never tried," says Brother Buzzard, says he.

"Well, suppose you try it now," says

the road that leads to Brag is the shortest route to Bluster. Brother Buzzard and Brother Crow were quarreling because they had been bragging, and a little more and they'd have had a regular pitched battle then and there.

"Maybe you can outfly me, Brother Buzzard," says Mr. Crow, "but I'll be bound you can't outsing me."

"I have never tried," says Brother Buzzard, says he.

"Well, suppose you try it now," says

the road that leads to Brag is the shortest route to Bluster. Brother Buzzard and Brother Crow were quarreling because they had been bragging, and a little more and they'd have had a regular pitched battle then and there.

"Maybe you can outfly me, Brother Buzzard," says Mr. Crow, "but I'll be bound you can't outsing me."

"I have never tried," says Brother Buzzard, says he.

"Well, suppose you try it now," says

the road that leads to Brag is the shortest route to Bluster. Brother Buzzard and Brother Crow were quarreling because they had been bragging, and a little more and they'd have had a regular pitched battle then and there.

"Maybe you can outfly me, Brother Buzzard," says Mr. Crow, "but I'll be bound you can't outsing me."

"I have never tried," says Brother Buzzard, says he.

"Well, suppose you try it now," says

the road that leads to Brag is the shortest route to Bluster. Brother Buzzard and Brother Crow were quarreling because they had been bragging, and a little more and they'd have had a regular pitched battle then and there.

"Maybe you can outfly me, Brother Buzzard," says Mr. Crow, "but I'll be bound you can't outsing me."

"I have never tried," says Brother Buzzard, says he.

"Well, suppose you try it now," says

the road that leads to Brag is the shortest route to Bluster. Brother Buzzard and Brother Crow were quarreling because they had been bragging, and a little more and they'd have had a regular pitched battle then and there.

"Maybe you can outfly me, Brother Buzzard," says Mr. Crow, "but I'll be bound you can't outsing me."

"I have never tried," says Brother Buzzard, says he.

"Well, suppose you try it now," says

the road that leads to Brag is the shortest route to Bluster. Brother Buzzard and Brother Crow were quarreling because they had been bragging, and a little more and they'd have had a regular pitched battle then and there.

"Maybe you can outfly me, Brother Buzzard," says Mr. Crow, "but I'll be bound you can't outsing me."

"I have never tried," says Brother Buzzard, says he.

"Well, suppose you try it now," says

the road that leads to Brag is the shortest route to Bluster. Brother Buzzard and Brother Crow were quarreling because they had been bragging, and a little more and they'd have had a regular pitched battle then and there.

"Maybe you can outfly me, Brother Buzzard," says Mr. Crow, "but I'll be bound you can't outsing me."

"I have never tried," says Brother Buzzard, says he.

"Well, suppose you try it now," says

the road that leads to Brag is the shortest route to Bluster. Brother Buzzard and Brother Crow were quarreling because they had been bragging, and a little more and they'd have had a regular pitched battle then and there.

"Maybe you can outfly me, Brother Buzzard," says Mr. Crow, "but I'll be bound you can't outsing me."

"I have never tried," says Brother Buzzard, says he.

"Well, suppose you try it now," says

the road that leads to Brag is the shortest route to Bluster. Brother Buzzard and Brother Crow were quarreling because they had been bragging, and a little more and they'd have had a regular pitched battle then and there.

"Maybe you can outfly me, Brother Buzzard," says Mr. Crow, "but I'll be bound you can't outsing me."

"I have never tried," says Brother Buzzard, says he.

"Well, suppose you try it now," says

the road that leads to Brag is the shortest route to Bluster. Brother Buzzard and Brother Crow were quarreling because they had been bragging, and a little more and they'd have had a regular pitched battle then and there.

"Maybe you can outfly me, Brother Buzzard," says Mr. Crow, "but I'll be bound you can't outsing me."

"I have never tried," says Brother Buzzard, says he.

"Well, suppose you try it now," says

the road that leads to Brag is the shortest route to Bluster. Brother Buzzard and Brother Crow were quarreling because they had been bragging, and a little more and they'd have had a regular pitched battle then and there.

"Maybe you can outfly me, Brother Buzzard," says Mr. Crow, "but I'll be bound you can't outsing me."

"I have never tried," says Brother Buzzard, says he.

"Well, suppose you try it now," says

the road that leads to Brag is the shortest route to Bluster. Brother Buzzard and Brother Crow were quarreling because they had been bragging, and a little more and they'd have had a regular pitched battle then and there.

"Maybe you can outfly me, Brother Buzzard," says Mr. Crow, "but I'll be bound you can't outsing me."

"I have never tried," says Brother Buzzard, says he.

"Well, suppose you try it now," says

the road that leads to Brag is the shortest route to Bluster. Brother Buzzard and Brother Crow were quarreling because they had been bragging, and a little more and they'd have had a regular pitched battle then and there.

"Maybe you can outfly me, Brother Buzzard," says Mr. Crow, "but I'll be bound you can't outsing me."

"I have never tried," says Brother Buzzard, says he.

"Well, suppose you try it now," says

the road that leads to Brag is the shortest route to Bluster. Brother Buzzard and Brother Crow were quarreling because they had been bragging, and a little more and they'd have had a regular pitched battle then and there.

"Maybe you can outfly me, Brother Buzzard," says Mr. Crow, "but I'll be bound you can't outsing me."

"I have never tried," says Brother Buzzard, says he.

"Well, suppose you try it now," says

the road that leads to Brag is the shortest route to Bluster. Brother Buzzard and Brother Crow were quarreling because they had been bragging, and a little more and they'd have had a regular pitched battle then and there.

"Maybe you can outfly me, Brother Buzzard," says Mr. Crow, "but I'll be bound you can't outsing me."

"I have never tried," says Brother Buzzard, says he.

"Well, suppose you try it now," says

the road that leads to Brag is the shortest route to Bluster. Brother Buzzard and Brother Crow were quarreling because they had been bragging, and a little more and they'd have had a regular pitched battle then and there.

"Maybe you can outfly me, Brother Buzzard," says Mr. Crow, "but I'll be bound you can't outsing me."

"I have never tried," says Brother Buzzard, says he.

"Well, suppose you try it now," says

the road that leads to Brag is the shortest route to Bluster. Brother Buzzard and Brother Crow were quarreling because they had been bragging, and a little more and they'd have had a regular pitched battle then and there.

"Maybe you can outfly me, Brother Buzzard," says Mr. Crow, "but I'll be bound you can't outsing me."

"I have never tried," says Brother Buzzard, says he.

"Well, suppose you try it now," says

the road that leads to Brag is the shortest route to Bluster. Brother Buzzard and Brother Crow were quarreling because they had been bragging, and a little more and they'd have had a regular pitched battle then and there.

bit, as solemnly as if he were pointing a moral. "Since that time Brother Crow, who was dressed in white, has been wearing the black suit that he won from Brother Buzzard."

"Speaking of singing birds," said Mr. Thimblefinger, turning to Mrs. Meadows, "what is that song I used to hear you humming about a little bird?"

"Oh, it's just a nonsense song," replied Mrs. Meadows. "It has no beginning and no ending."

But the children said they wanted to hear it, anyhow, and so Mrs. Meadows sang about

THE LITTLE BIRD.

There was once a little bird so full of song That he sang in the Rose Bush the whole Night long.

And "Oh," said the Red Bird to the Jay,



The Singing Match.

Brother Crow. "I'll go you a fine suit of clothes, and a cooked hat to boot, that I can sit here and sing longer than you can," says he.

"Oh, ho!" says Brother Buzzard, "you may sing longer, but you can't sing longer than I can," says he.

"Is it a go?" says Brother Crow.

"It's a go," says Brother Buzzard, says he.

"It's no fair bet," says Brother Crow, "because you are a bigger man than I am, and it stands to reason that you have got more wind in your craw than I have, but I shall give you one trial if I split my gizzard," says he.

"Yes," remarked Mr. Rabbit, scratching his head thoughtfully, "those were the very words he used—if I split my gizzard," says he. Well, they shook hands to ratify the bet, and then Brother Crow, without making any flourishes, raised the tune—

"Oh, Susy! My Susy! ganglool!"

"Oh, Milly! My Milly, langlool!"

"Then Brother Buzzard sung his head

back and chimed in—

"Oh, Susy! My Susy! ganglool!"

"Oh, Milly! My Milly, langlool!"

—and such another racket as they made I never heard before and have never heard since."

"Why, what kind of a song was it?" inquired Sweetest Susan. "I'm sure I never heard such a song."

"Well," replied Mr. Rabbit, "you are young and I am old, but you know just as much about that song as I do, and maybe more than I do, for you haven't been pestered with it as long as I have. It is a worse riddle to me than it was the day I heard it."

"What did they do then?" asked Buster John.

"Well," Mr. Rabbit replied, "they sat there and sung just as I told you. Brother Buzzard would stop to catch his breath and then break out—

"Oh, Susy! My Susy! ganglool!"

"Oh, Milly! My Milly, langlool!"

—and then Brother Crow would squall out—

"Oh, Susy! My Susy! ganglool!"

"Oh, Milly! My Milly, langlool!"

"They sang on until they began to get hungry, but as Brother Buzzard seemed to be the biggest and fattest of the two, everybody thought he would hold out the longest. But Brother Crow was plucky, and he sang right along in spite of the emptiness in his craw. He didn't squall as loud as he did at first, but every time Brother Buzzard sang Brother Crow would sing, too. But, by and by, they both began to get very weak."

"At last, as luck would have it, Brother Crow saw his wife flying over, and he sang out as loud as he could:

"Oh, Susie! Go tell my children—my Susie!—to bring my dinner—ganglool—and tell them—oh, Milly! my Milly!—to bring it quickly—langlool!"

"It wasn't very long after that before all Brother Crow's family connections came flying to help him, and as soon as they found out how matters stood they brought him more victuals than he knew what to do with. Brother Buzzard held out as long as he could, but he was obliged to give up, and since that time there has been mighty little singing in the Buzzard family."

"But that isn't all," remarked Mr. Rab-

"Don't you wish you could sit and sing that way?"

"Mercy, no!" said the Jay, "for he sings too late;

I sing well enough for to please my Mate."

There was once a little Bird so full of song, That he sang in the Rose Bush the whole Night long.

Then "Oh," said the Red Bird to the Crow, "Don't you wish you could sit and sing just so?"

"Do hush," said the Crow, "or I'll start for to weep, Re-caw-caw-cause he's a losing of his sleep."

There was once a little Bird so full of song, That he sang in the Rose Bush the whole Night long.

And "Oh," said the Red Bird to the Wren, "Don't you wish you could sing so now and then?"

"Not me," said the Wren as she shook her Head; "I think his Mamma ought to put him to Bed."

But the Singing Bird was so full of Glee, That he sang all night in the Rose Bush Tree.

(To Be Concluded.)

Bruin and the Thief.

An Organ grinder who was traveling through the west of England, accompanied by a tame brown bear, which he had trained to dance, stopped at a farmer's house late one afternoon, and after greatly amusing the family by his performances—for his organ was a fine one and the bear very docile and intelligent—he had no difficulty in obtaining permission to stay all night. He himself was given a bed in the boy's room, but his furry companion had to be content with a snug corner in the barn.

A little after midnight there came such alarming noises from the barn, which was only a few paces away, as to waken everybody in the house. Frantic shrieks of "Help! Help! Murder!" and sounds as of a strong man struggling desperately for dear life, issued out upon the still night air.

Hurriedly drawing on some clothes, the farmer snatched up a lantern, and followed by the organ grinder, hastened to the barn. On the doors being thrown open, the rays of the lantern revealed a large man engaged in a furious wrestling match with the bear, from whose mighty embrace he was vainly endeavoring to escape. As the bear was muzzled and had no claws to speak of, his victim stood in no danger of serious injury. But his position was alarming enough, notwithstanding, and he implored the farmer to come to his rescue.

Divining, however, that this midnight visitor's mission was a dishonest one, for which he deserved to be well punished, the organ grinder called out to his pet, "Hug him, Jack, hug him!" and the bear, evidently enjoying the sport, continued to squeeze the man unmercifully, until the farmer, thinking the rogue had suffered sufficiently, got the bear's owner to command his release.

It turned out that Bruin's captive was a scallywag, who had come to steal a fine calf, in the darkness he stumbled over the bear, and was at once made pris-

oner. The farmer was so delighted at the animal's conduct, that in the morning he feasted him upon the best in the larder, and gave him master a sovereign, as he was leaving.

TURNING OLD PENNIES.

Bright Boys Who Make Their Money in Funny Fashions.

"Have you the bullet that killed General Reynolds?" asked an old veteran of a youngster who kept a relic stand on the battlefield of Gettysburg.

"No sir," was the reply, "we sold the last one yesterday but we can have you one by tomorrow." The scarred and begrimed old "Buck Tail," however, knew all about the General Rednolds bullet, so he didn't order any, but bought a dilapidated canteen "from the scene of Pickett's charge." Being somewhat of an connoisseur in such matters, he examined the canteen closely and satisfied himself that it was not bogus.

Many a boy living near one of the great battlefields obtains a living by hunting relics. Having sharp eyes he is generally fortunate enough to pick up some remains of the "great fight," which he either sells to a dealer or directly to visitors. One boy, not long ago, at Gettysburg, found a wrist bone with a bayonet plunged through it, which he sold for \$25. Another, on the field of Waterloo, found two bullets embedded in each other, the one French, the other English. They had evidently met in mid-air and were valued very highly. So many tourists visit the American battlefields that it is becoming difficult to find relics. Yet, be it said to the disgrace of the Yankee, in some way or other the supply is kept up to the demand.

Travelers who have spent any time among the natives of Australia vow that the boys of that country earn money in the most curious way ever heard of. In some parts of the country fishing is quite an industry. Among other things caught are crabs and crayfish. But instead of catching them in nets as we do, boys are employed, and this is the method: A boy wades out where the crabs are thick. Thrusting his foot out, he gives prominence to his big toe, which, wagging about in an enticing manner, he uses as a bait. In a short time he gets a bite and quickly draws up his leg and breaks off the crab's feelers and throws it into a basket, which is slung over his shoulder. Oftentimes rows of boys can be seen stretched along the shore, while a continual pantomime is kept up by in turn catching the crab, releasing it and thrusting out the wily toe for another bite. Every now and then a deep sea visitor strays into the crab settlement and, seeing the tempting bait, lays hold of it. Then there issues forth from the owner of that bait an unearthly yell, and all the boys come running out to stare regardless of their anatomy, and leaving the poor boy with a "bite" to battle with the unwelcome catch as best he can.

Chinese urchins, in some parts of the empire, pick up odd coins in a still more curious and yet somewhat similar manner. On rainy days, when a lady chanced to come to a muddy place and does not wish to soil her shoes, she beckons to an urchin who will, if he is in the business, drop down in front of her, making a temporary stepping stone, on which the lady reaches dry land again. The remuneration received for this is so small that it would hardly tempt a New York "dock rat."

During the winter months, when the West Indies are much visited by tourists and invalids, the native boys make a living by diving for coins. Strangers are never tired witnessing these expert exhibitions of diving. A coin is thrown off the pier and simultaneously half a dozen dark bodies shoot into the water after it. Sometimes the money sticks in the mud and the divers remain under water so long that the spectators grow quite anxious. But soon they emerge from all directions, the lucky finder carrying the piece in his teeth. Oftentimes they catch the coin before it gets to the bottom.

"Every one of us," said a woman who had spent some time at Atlantic City, "knows what an uncomfortable feeling it is to have a shoe lace come untied. Equally well does she know what an exertion it is to stoop and tie it. One day while strolling on the board walk and jostled by the crowd, I suddenly felt my shoestring come untied. Looking round for a convenient place to sit down, I noticed a bright youngster, and beckoned for him to come to me and tie it. Being unable to find anything less than a ten-cent piece, I gave him that for his trouble. Instead of showing the least surprise or gratitude, however, he in a business-like manner took out a five-cent piece and gave it to me as change, remarking meanwhile that 'he made a dollar or so every day that way.'"

S. A.

Learn a Trade—Why Not?

Only within the past few years an American boy, if he had no speciality of talent which directed him toward certain professions, could always find in the world empty handed, and find a place. The great was open.

An American boy could hardly be found who could spend the years of his youth learning to be a skilled mechanic of any sort, and consequently almost all these occupations have been taken up by foreigners.

It seems strange that parents do not see how great an opening there is in all grades for an intelligent, wide-awake American. The American brain is clearer and cleverer than any other, and combined with a skilled knowledge, is invincible almost anywhere. And yet Tiffany, the great manufacturing jeweler, offering every possible inducement, cannot get American apprentices of the class he wants, although he offers to pay such boys a salary while they are learning the business.



Mr. Thimblefinger Climbed on the Back of a Chair.

near as I can remember Brother Buzzard and Brother Crow met with each other early one morning in a big pine tree. They howled, but there was a sort of coolness between them on account of the fact that Brother Buzzard had been going about the neighborhood making his brags and his boasts that he could outfly Brother Crow. They hadn't been up in the tree very long before they began to dispute. Brother Buzzard was not a very loud talker in those days, whatever he may be now, but Brother Crow could squall louder than a woman who has been married twenty-two years. And so there they had it, quarreling and disputing and disputing about

near as I can remember

THE CONSTITUTION, JR.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.

FOR THE INSTRUCTION AND AMUSEMENT OF THE YOUNG READERS OF THE CONSTITUTION.

Sent Free, as a Supplement, to the Readers of the Daily Constitution.

All Letters and Communications Intended for this Issue Must be Addressed to The Constitution, Jr.

ATLANTA, GA., September 1, 1894.

The Junior.

Before another issue of The Junior is out the schools will have begun. We propose during the coming months to devote a great deal of space to what is going on in the schools of the city. In every school there will be an active representative of The Junior, who will keep us posted on all the news of his school, and from week to week we will print pictures of the boys and girls who distinguish themselves in the different departments. We want the school children to feel that The Junior is their paper, published for them and in their interest. We will make some prize offers during the coming session that will be of interest to them, and we feel sure that the great interest which such offers have excited in the past will be increased during the coming year. The Constitution, Jr., has but one mission, and that is to interest the children. If we do not interest them during the school months it will not be our fault.

Speaking of interesting the children, we will give an idea of the stories which will appear in The Constitution, Jr., during the next few months. All of you are now reading "Little Mr. Thimblefinger," of course. Well, Mr. Harris, whom you know better as "Uncle Remus," is preparing another series of Mr. Thimblefinger's adventures, which promise to prove more interesting than those that have already appeared. Then, in about two weeks, a new serial story by Mrs. Burnett, the author of "Little Lord Fauntleroy," will begin in The Junior.

Edward S. Ellis, one of the most famous and popular of writers for young folks, has written a three-part serial of thrilling adventures with wolves, which will follow Mrs. Burnett's serial.

William Murray Graydon, a noted favorite of all boys and girls who enjoy adventure stories, has written a thrilling story to run ten weeks entitled "The Lost Opal of Mysore, or the Mutiny That Failed."

"Six Famous Pirates and Their Treasures," will be the subject of a series of articles by Howard Pyle, who is a master in this field.

Short stories by Mary E. Wilkins, Mrs. Spofford, Joel Chandler Harris, Octave Thanet, Joaquin Miller, Captain King and many other famous writers will be published.

A separate prospectus announcing other features, including stories of personal adventure, popular science, historical and biographical papers, gymnastics, sports, outdoor life, papers giving advice, etc., will be published about November 1st.

In addition to all these attractive features, we will have others of a no less interesting character to announce later in the fall.

In a word, we propose making The Constitution, Jr., rank among the very best juvenile papers published in the United States during the coming year. It will go into every home that subscribes for The Daily Constitution, and nothing will be left undone to make it one of the most attractive papers of its kind that is published in the United States.

Football.

We publish today the first of the series of articles on athletic sports which we promised our young readers in our last issue. The game under discussion this week is football. Very great interest is taken in football just now, because of the recent change in rules made by a congress of the leading football players of the country. Owing to the many accidents which occurred on the football field last year, there was a universal outcry for a modification of the game, and in answer to this demand a congress of the leading football authorities of the country was held. The rules and regulations of the football game which will be played this fall are fully described in another part of this issue of The Junior. Football is essentially an autumn game, and just on the eve of the opening of the schools, when the boys are all interested in the different elements that will contest for championships on the football gridiron this year, the article is very timely. It has been written for The Junior by one who has made a study of the game under the rules for 1894-1895, and may be relied on as accurate.

Her Way.

Little Girl—If I was a teacher, I'd make everybody behave.

Aunt—How would you accomplish that? "Little Girl—Real easy. When girls was bad, I'd tell them they didn't look pretty; and when little boys was bad, I'd make them sit with the girls; and when big boys was bad, I wouldn't let them sit with the girls."

HOW DEAF MUTES ARE TAUGHT.

By Benjamin Northrop.

The little deaf and dumb boy of today has many things to be thankful for that the deaf mute of a hundred years ago never even dreamed of. He goes to school and learns to read, write, and even to talk. He has toys, books, and playmates to amuse him, and when he leaves school he is able to go out into the world and earn his own living.

A little over a hundred years ago it was believed that children who were born deaf were idiotic as well, and no attempt was made to educate them. As they could not hear what other persons spoke, and as they were not taught to read what others had written, they grew to manhood very little if any better than idiots, and those unfortunate who had no homes wandered about the country, shunned by grown persons and feared by children.

The good Abbe de l'Epee, who founded the first school in the world for deaf mutes in Paris in 1778, opened a new life for these wretched outcasts. He sought out the deaf mute children in the poor quarters of Paris and made them his friends. He found, when they had ceased to be afraid of him—for these poor children were not used to kindness—that they used certain signs by which they could make themselves understood. These signs he carefully studied, and he made them the basis of the great sign language that is now taught all over France and America.

He brought a number of these children into his school, and taught them other signs and explained to them their meanings. When he had brought them to this point, he taught them how to spell out words with their fingers, and after that to read and to write, so that within a very few years he proved what a monstrous injustice had been done to the deaf mutes almost ever since the world was created.

You would naturally think that it is a very difficult matter to teach a little boy who had never heard a spoken word and knew nothing of the language that other boys pick up almost before they can walk, how to read and spell. But it is not half so hard as it seems to be.

The other day I saw a class of eight little boys in the big deaf and dumb institute on Washington Heights at work in their classroom. None of them were over twelve years old, nor had been in the institute longer than six months.

The teacher, who is a deaf mute, pointed to a small jug that stood on a table. One of the boys promptly spelled j-u-g on his fingers. Then the boy went to the blackboard and neatly and quickly wrote the word with his crayon. There were other articles on the table, and each of the boys spelled and wrote their names correctly.

By this means the boys learned that certain things have certain names. They also learned what those names are and how to spell them. As the list is so chosen that the names contain all the letters of the alphabet, so by the time this lesson is thoroughly learned the boys have mastered the entire alphabet. In the same way they are taught to spell such words as "good" and "bad." First they are made to understand what "good" means, then they spell it out on their fingers, and afterward write it on the blackboard.

But this takes a great deal of time and patience. A little deaf boy spends three years studying a primer that my young readers could learn from cover to cover in less than three months. Little by little and step by step the mind is trained, and at the end of three years the children can spell and write simple sentences. Then they are ready for the study of grammar, geography, arithmetic and other branches of education. By the time they are young men, if they have not been idlers, they are ready to go to college, and there is a college ready for them to attend. It is called the National College for Deaf Mutes and it is in Washington. When a boy or girl passes through this institution he or she can read Latin or Greek as well as your big brother can, and perhaps even better, and can spell out the meanings of the words in English on the fingers faster than they can be written out on paper.

Of course all deaf mute children do not learn quickly. They are the same as other children; some are bright and some are very dull indeed. But they have to make such good use of their eyes, which are both eyes and ears to them, that they are usually very observing, and, as you probably know, it is the observing boy who usually stands at the head of his classes in school.

Sometimes children are not only born deaf but blind also. The education of these poor children is very slow, and takes a great deal of patience and sympathy. In this same class I have just told you about there was a blind deaf mute. He could not see the table, with its load of jugs, rules, hats, caps and other articles. But he could tell them apart by touching them. Then, after feeling his way to the blackboard, he could write the names with his chalk, a little more slowly, but equally as well as his companions did. He could also spell the words with his fingers. You will ask how he could understand what his teacher wanted him to do. That was done this way. The teacher would first take his little hand in his own, and spell out the name of the article he wanted him to write on the blackboard. The blind boy felt of his teacher's fingers, and as each letter was formed, he would repeat it with his own little fingers. When the word was finished, he knew what it was as well as though he had seen it spelled with a pair of bright eyes.

If you ever visit a deaf and dumb institute, you will be surprised at the amount of noise you will hear. As none of the inmates can hear his own voice, he does not know that he is making a sound when he laughs or coughs or cries out. He does not know that it disturbs a person who can hear when he shuffles his feet on the floor, or kicks the bench in front of him, or rattles his slate on the desk. Consequently the classroom where the little children are taught is about the noisiest place you were ever in. It is almost as noisy as a boiler shop. And even the chapel where the students meet every day to repeat the Lord's

prayer in signs is sometimes as noisy as a playground.

In every deaf mute institute there are a number of drums, which are used to attract the pupil's attention as bells are used in ordinary schools. The deaf cannot hear the drum, but they can feel it. The vibration of sound which is caused when the drum is struck acts upon them as a sharp noise would upon you. They are called to dinner by a tap on the drum, and they are awakened in the morning by the beating of a big bass drum in their dormitories.

Deaf mute children play the same as other children do. Precisely. They have their nurseries and playgrounds. In summer they play marbles, tag, hop-skip-and-a-jump, and in winter the boys build houses out of blocks and play various games; and the girls dress their dolls, and have dolls' parties the same as other little girls do. The only difference is that the little mothers talk to their dolls with their fingers instead of with their voices.

The favorite doll is made of cloth, because its arms can be moved up and down and twisted into all manner of shapes. A real wax doll may be prettier, but it can never be as near to the heart of a little deaf girl as her rag baby is. It cannot talk to her. Do rag babies talk? Indeed they do. A bright girl who is interested in her dolly's education teaches her rag baby the same lessons she has learned in the schoolroom. She bends its chubby fingers into the forms of the letters, and makes it spell out the same words she has just been taught. Some rag babies are extremely well educated. I had one shown me by an ambitious little mother that could spell out all of "Little Boy Blue," when its fingers were properly put through the various motions.

The boys have great sport the year round, and some of them are famous athletes. The Washington Heights Institute has two harrier clubs and two baseball nines that many a hearing and speaking club would have hard work to beat. Deaf boys use their eyes instead of their tongues. When they run across country, they do not spend any time in asking foolish questions. They are not disturbed or kept back by any strange sounds they may hear. They simply run, and they run very fast.

On the baseball field they are capital players. They watch the ball, and not the spectators or the other players; and when the ball comes their way, they are ready for it. The pitcher of the Silentia Club, Patrick J. Gately (who gave his views on the game in a recent number of Harper's Young People), is one of the best young baseball players in the country.

The institute not only teaches deaf mutes how to read and write, but gives them a thorough training in some trade. All of the graduates are able to earn their living in some way or another. Among those who have left the New York school are several clergymen, teachers, a few authors and scientists, some artists, clerks, inventors, editors, jewelers, and several hundred printers, carpenters, tailors, shoemakers and farmers. One of the clergymen was graduated at Yale college after he left this school.

The good Abbe de l'Epee surely did not live his life in vain.

—Benjamin Northrop in Harper's Young People.

ENTERPRISING YOUNGSTERS.

Fine Poultry and Pet Stock Show Given by Some Junior Fanciers.

In the stable of Mr. Harry Castleman on Peachtree street there is now in progress the Peachtree poultry and pet stock show, inaugurated by a number of the younger boys in that part of the city.

There are sixty fine chickens on exhibition, besides numerous handsome rabbits, pretty little guinea pigs, pigeons and a con. Among the many kinds of chickens are black-breasted red bantams, red pile bantams, black bantams, tumbler pigeons, spangled games, black-breasted red games, brown leghorns, silver laced wyandottes and black games.

The rabbits, too are classified, and the youngsters are well acquainted with the various sorts. The Junior's reporter was very much pleased with the exhibition. There were Dutch rabbits, angora rabbits, white rabbits, German hares and common rabbits. The guinea pigs were numerous in variety, also.

A silver medal is the prize for the chicken that scores the largest number of points of all, and there is another prize for the prettiest chicken, and several prizes for the best of each sort. Competition runs highest in the black-breasted red game bantams. Mr. R. O. Campbell, who is one of the best known fanciers in the city, will judge the birds.

The following are the officers of the association: Louis Garrard Castleman, president; Ralph Black, vice president; Robert Mollet, manager; Henry Leonard, assistant manager, and treasurer, Logan Clark.

The exhibition will close this afternoon and the prizes will be awarded. The prices of admission are 5 and 10 cents.

The Three By's.

A little Brooklyn girl astonished her mother the other day by her proficiency in philological pursuits. "Mamma," said she, "There are three kinds of 'by's,' aren't there?"

"What do you mean my dear?" responded the mother, in surprise.

"Well," sweetly lisped the little one, "there's one 'by' when you go to some one on the sidewalk, and there's another when you go to the store to buy something, and then there's 'by gosh!'"

The mother was not long in reaching the conclusion that her daughter needed careful instruction in the minor morals.

The Worst of Their Kind.

From The Washington Star. "My friend, George, has gone to Seattle," said the obituary editor to the funny men, quite seriously.

"Ah," twittered the funny man, "what has he gone to see Attila for?"

"I should say," responded the obituary editor, with great solemnity, "that he has gone to Seattle, Wash."

And the funny man felt the gray matter in his brain slowly congealing.

TALES OF VARIOUS PETS.

By Georgia James.

Dogs have always been known for their sagacity and from the earliest of times the instinct of these animals has been considered wonderful. Sabinus, the Roman general who was put to death for his attachment to a certain family, possessed a devoted friend and servant in his dog. The body of Sabinus was exposed to the public on a precipice as a warning to all who were following in his footsteps. None of his friends had the courage to approach his body—none save his faithful dog. For three days he watched the body, his pathetic whinings awakening sympathy in every heart. Food was thrown him, but he refused to touch it, carrying it all and laying it on his dead master's mouth. After a few days the body was thrown into the Tiber, and the dog, unwilling to lose his master, jumped in, clasping the body in his paws and tried to keep it from sinking. In doing this the noble dog lost his own life.

A dog's fondness for his master is not always rewarded by kindness, as this story will show. For some reason this young man wished to be rid of his canine friend, and, hiring a boat at the river, took the dog from shore and dropped him overboard. The poor animal tried to climb up the side of the boat, but his master pushed him away with the oar each time. In doing this he himself fell into the water and would certainly have been drowned had it not been for the dog, who held his master's head above water until assistance arrived.

Stories are often told of the fidelity of soldiers at their posts. The chimney sweep's dog, Mastiff, is as good an example of what he considered fidelity as any soldier that ever lived. Mastiff had been taught to obey his master implicitly; and when ordered to lie on a bag placed in a narrow back street never thought of disobeying him. When a heavily loaded cart came up the driver ordered the dog to move; then, on his refusing to do this he beat the dog gently. This had no more effect than the order, and finally the driver beat him well with the cart whip, but it was all to no purpose. This so enraged the driver that he lashed his horses and drove on—over the dog. The animal faithful to his orders, kept his position and in endeavoring to stop the wheel by biting at it, was crushed to death.

A most ingenious dog was the one born and bred in France who was taught among other things to go to the caterer and bring home food in a basket. One evening when the dog was returning to his master, the basket well furnished with victuals, two other dogs were attracted by the delicious odor of the eatables. The messenger placed the basket on the ground and prepared to defend it. The first dog advanced, but was repelled by his foe; then the second one came forward, and while the messenger was contending with him, the first attacked the goodies in the basket. The messenger seeing that he had no chance in beating two dogs and saving his master's dinner, resolved to choose the lesser of two evils. Throwing himself between his two opponents without further ceremony, he quickly dispatched the remainder of the dinner himself and then returned to his master with the empty basket.

Of all noble animals, the horse is the noblest. A story showing out of many instances of devotion is related of the pet charger of Antiochus. When Antiochus was slain in battle by Centaretrius, the Galatian, the victor leaped upon the back of the fallen king's horse. But the animal seemed to know that the rider was none other than his master's slayer and exhibited signs of great fury. Mounding forth at his topmost speed, over which the rider had no more control than over the elements of nature, the nery and devoted steed ran to the top of a precipice, and, with his rider, leaped into the abyss. This horse seemed not to care for life without his master, and sacrificed himself to revenge the death of the slain king.

Animals do not confine their affection to human beings, but are generally devoted to their own kind, as many instances on record illustrate. A horse once belonging to a cavalry company in the east had two companions to thank for many of his last peaceful days. The old horse was placed in the stable between two young ones, and for a couple of months both of the latter played the part of the good Samaritan. The health of the old horse was declining, and his teeth had fallen out, so that he was unable to eat either his hay or oats. The horse on the right side perceiving this pulled the hay from the manger, chewed it, and then put it down in front of the old horse; while the other prepared the oats in the same way. The food being masticated in this manner the old horse was able to eat and to live.

While not attempting to deny that cats are often treacherous, I hasten to give them credit for more sense than many human beings. A remarkable clever cat belonged to a boarding house in the early part of this century. The dinner hour in this house was announced each day by the ringing of a large bell, and the cat on hearing this always hastened to the dining room to procure her accustomed meal. It happened one day that she was shut in a room upstairs when the bell rang, and in spite of all her cries and yowls no one came to release her. When she was set at liberty the meal was over and the boarders had dispersed. Puss evidently did not approve of this, for as soon as her prison door was opened she scampered down the stairs, and finding no one in the dining room, sprang to the sideboard, and seizing the dinner bell tried her best to ring it. She doubtless thought that if the bell was rung it would bring dinner with it, and it is needless to state that this clever action brought her dinner at any rate.

Hens are supposed to have very little sense outside of the instinct to hide their eggs, and the mother instinct. A farmer in England a few years ago possessed a hen of great value. His buildings were infested with mice, and as he had a great aversion to cats and dogs, his farm stood in danger of being overrun with rodents. One of his hens, however, developed a fondness for mice, and would wait for the appearance of one and then, quick as a wink, pounce upon it, and, while it was in her beak, walk to some secluded spot and there play with it for awhile as a cat plays with its game, finally dispatching it with several vicious pecks. The farmer refused to sell this precious hen, and many good mice were made for her.

OF VARIOUS PETS.

Georgia James.

always been known for their from the earliest of times of these animals has been underful. Sabinus, the Roman was put to death for his at a certain family, possessed a and servant in his dog. The us was exposed to the public as a warning to all, who were his footsteps. None of his the courage to approach his re his faithful dog. For three the body, his pathetic awakening sympathy in every was thrown him, but he re it, carrying it all and lay a dead master's mouth. After a body was thrown into the e dog, unwilling to lose his d in, clasping the body in his to keep it from sinking. In noble dog lost his own life. Inness for his master is not ed by kindness, as this story or some reason this young be rid of his canine friend, boat at the river, took the and dropped him overboard. al tried to climb up the side out his master pushed him ear each time. In doing this into the water and would been drowned had it not dog, who held his master's ter until assistance arrived. often told of the fidelity of their posts. The chimney astiff, is as good an example sidered fidelity as any sol- lived. Mastiff had been his master implicitly; and to lie on a bag placed in a street never thought of dis- When a heavily loaded cart driver ordered the dog, to his refusing to do this he ently. This had no more ef- order, and finally the driver with the cart whip, but it purpose. This so enraged he lashed his horses and the dog. The animal faithful kept his position and in en- lop the wheel by biting at to death.

ous dog was the one born ance who was taught among go to the caterer and bring basket. One evening when turning to his master, the rished with victuals, two e attracted by the delicious ables. The messenger plac- in the ground and prepared, the first dog advanced, but his foe; then the second rd, and while the mes- sing with him, the first at- ies in the basket. The mag- at he had no chance in and saving his master's to choose the lesser of wing himself between his without further ceremony, watched the remainder of if and then returned to his empty basket.

animals, the horse is the showing out of many tion is related of the pet echus. When Antiochus by Centaureus, the Ga- leaped upon the back of a horse. But the animal that the rider was none master's slayer and exhib- at fury. Bounding forth speed, over which the rider than over the elements ry and devoted steed ran precipice, and with his to the abyss. This horse are for life without his nced himself to revenge e slain king.

t confine their affection but are generally devoted as many instances on re- horse once belonging to y in the east had two ank for many of his last e old horse was placed een two young ones, and onths both of the latter of the good Samaritan. old horse was declining, d fallen out, so that he either his hay or oats. Right side perceiving this om the manger, chewed it down in front of the the other prepared the way. The food being manner the old horse d to live.

gling to deny that cats us, I hasten to give them rise than many human ble clever cat belonged se in the early part of dinner hour in this house day by the ringing of the cat on hearing this to the dining room to nmed meal. It happened was shut in a room up- ll rang, and in spite of paws no one came to re- she was set at liberty and the boarders had dently did not approve of as her prison door was pered down the stairs, e in the dining room, er best to ring it. She hat if the bell was rung with it, and it is that this clever action at any rate.

l to have a very little instinct to hide their er instinct. A farmer few years ago possess- value. His buildings mice, and as he had a ts and dogs, his farm being overrun, with hens, however, devel- mice, and would wait of one and then quick upon it, and when it to some secret spot it for awhile as a cat e finally dispatched e pecks. The farmer precious son, of whom e made son, of whom

FOOTBALL UP TO DATE.

The Great American Game and How to Play Under the New Rules.

New York, August 31.—American foot- ball has in the past been confined mostly to colleges. This was probably owing to the fact that it required hard work and strict training to develop men who could stand it and play out an entire game. And the college boys are generally ripe for any sport which has all the elements of an ex- citing physical contest. Moreover, they have a certain amount of time allotted for exer- cise and an athletic field class at hand.

The last half decade, however, has wit- nessed a great change in this respect. Such a glorious game could not forever be played exclusively by collegians and the irrepress- ible football spirit has penetrated the most remote districts until there is scarcely any school or town that does not have its team. Last year boys' teams in different parts of the country did good work and received very favorable comments from the papers. So that this year, while the college teams all over the United States will be prac- ticing every day, regardless of weather, making disastrous onslaughts on the long- suffering "scrubs," they will find that their example is being followed by thousands of admiring youths, who, not content with simply reading about the great games, will be punting, drop-kicking, organizing teams and playing match games from the 1st of September until Thanksgiving day, when the season ends. For the benefit of boys who have not played on teams we give here several hints relative to organization, with a brief synopsis of the different posi- tions, together with points on giving signals and training.

How to Get Up a Team.

The first thing to do is to select a cap- tain, one who has a cool head, lots of pluck and plenty of strength to back it. If possi- ble choose a fellow who knows some-



A Drop Kick.

thing about the game, but if he does not, let him immediately procure a rule book and thoroughly master the points.

If you have an old football player to coach you so much the better, but every boy should soon acquire a perfect knowl- edge of the rules. The captain, with the help of the coach or members of the team, should choose the men to fill the different positions. And here the best of judgment is to be used. Beginning with the end rusher, you want a boy who is a good runner and sure tackler.

He has one of the most important places on the field. When the opposite side has the ball he should play way out and force the runner in, keeping him between himself and the tackle. Then, at the right moment, he

The guard should be of good weight, but not so heavy as to be slow. One of his im- portant duties is to break through when the other side is about to kick and pre- vent the quarterback from passing it back, or, if he can't do that, which takes very quick work, he should try to get in front of the ball and stop the kick. The guard must not stand up straight, where he can be



A Scrimmage.

bowled over easily, but get down low, on his knees if necessary. When his own side has the ball he must block his oppo- nent. He can be of great assistance by pre- venting the opposing center or guard from interfering with the ball or bottering his own center rush.

Center and Quarterback.

The center has a very important and diffi- cult position, since he always has the ball to look after. Everything depends on how the ball is sent back to the quarter; the best and quickest way is to snap it back on its end so the latter gets in on a bound.

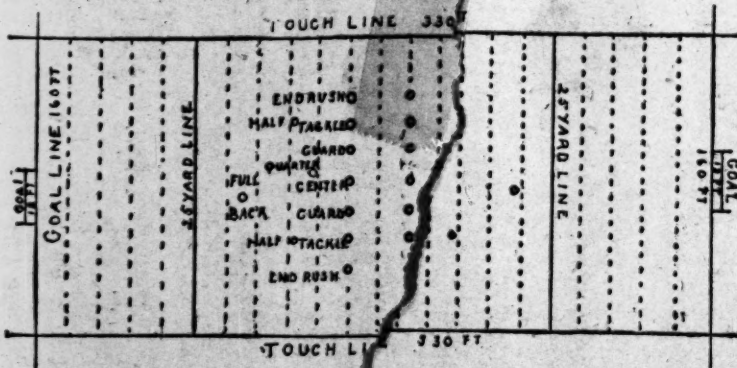
The center cannot afford to do any side play with his opponent for fear he may fumble the ball and thus throw the whole team into confusion. In conjunction with the guards he makes openings for the backs to get through. In standing he must be careful not to lean forward too far, lest his opponents with a quick jerk pull him over on his nose. Nor, on the contrary, must he allow himself to be tilted back- ward. Since he receives the majority of the hard knocks, the center should be rather heavy, but very tough and not easily fagged out.

Behind the center stands the quarterback, the smallest boy in the team, but the one on whom, with the captain, the most re- sponsibility rests. If possible, the quar- terback should be captain, for he always gives the signals. His first mark is to arrange with the center some sign by which the latter may know when to snap the ball back. In the college teams this is usually done by the quarterback placing his hand on the leg of the center end, removing it when he is ready to receive the ball.

He must become proficient in catching the ball from the center and passing it back, and as soon as to follow it up, so that if it is fumbled he may be near to grab it. He is always on the interference.

Halfbacks and Fullbacks.

On the two halfbacks and fullbacks falls the work of advancing the ball. For these positions the boys should be well built, very giddy and fast low runners, so that



Football Field.

must dart in and tackle the runner. w. Having once touched the runner with his fingers, he should never let go, but get with a death grip. Should the runner get round the outside of him he has a field and may make a long run. As the ball he plays in closer to the tackle, following every movement of the oppo- nent. His business is to prevent the runner from tackling the runner. Very often the end is given the ball to run with. Every boy on the team should have good wind, but especially is this so in the case of the end, who is a total failure without it. The tackle comes next. He should be heavier and yet very active. He has lots of work to do. When the opponents have the ball he must break through and try to stop the kick, or if they are going to run, prevent the runner and his interference from break- ing through the line on him. When his own side has the ball he is to block his opponent, that is, prevent him from getting through to tackle the runner. He should be so made as to make an

when an opening appears they can take it on a jump. All of them should be good kickers, especially the fullback who gen- erally does the drop-kicking and most of the punting.

Every member of the team should prac- tice kicking and falling on the ball. Col- lege teams spend whole weeks on that alone.

When you play your first game you will probably let the boy with the ball run alone. Don't do that! Always have three or four along with him to ward off interference. "Head down" is what the coach continually calls out to the green halfback. If you run with your head in the air your career will be short and your nose an ele- gant mark for somebody's elbow.

Learning Signals.

When every boy has his position and knows what he is to do, the next thing is to arrange signals by which every one knows what the next play is to be. At first signals were used. A whole sentence or two were picked up by the other side and were understood. When signals were used, they were of hand, but this system was

part of it meant a certain play, but this had many drawbacks. Finally the "alpha- bet system" came in.

There are countless ways in which signals can be given by this system. For example, say the right halfback's letter is K, the left tackle's B and the left end's S. The quarterback sings out a lot of irrelevant letters first, like A. J. M. N. O. P., fol- lowed by K. B. S., and these again fol- lowed by more irrelevant letters. As soon as K. B. S. is given, every player knows that the right half takes the ball between the left tackle and left end. This system, though still in vogue in many places, has been generally superseded by the numerical

In Camp's "American Football" is given the following "American Football" is given the following: "Supposing one- two-three meant that the right half is to try the left end. The sum of one-two-three

diet; when growing it is a fence for the gardens and fields, a protection for cottages, and an ornament for palaces. It is the weapon of justice and the instrument of oppression, supporting equally the authority of the mandarin and the arrogance of the petty official.

So endless are its uses that it almost seems that without its help the machinery of government would stand still, and the Chinese want many of those accessories to comfort which separate the civilized man from the savage.

Science and Amusement.

The simple apparatus shown in the ac- companying illustration will serve admirably to explain to a child why the earth, in revolving on its axis, becomes flattened at the poles and bulges at the equator. To construct it take a circular piece of paste- board pierced at the center with two holes, through which a string is passed, and by means of which—simply by twisting and untwisting—the pasteboard may be made to rotate with great velocity. Insert in the thickness of the pasteboard four bits of wire—hairpins broken in two—will do perfectly well—placing them at the extremities of two diameters of the round, which di- ameters should be at right angles to one another.

Now cut out two rings of stiff paper hav- ing a diameter slightly greater than that of the round of pasteboard, pass one through the other until they are at right angles to one another, then paste together the por- tions which overlap and write on them "North Pole" and "South Pole." The rings will represent two meridians placed at right angles. Pierce holes in the centers of the four arcs which compose these meridians. These holes will be on the equator. Let the four bits of wire pass through them. The two rings will then be joined to the center round of pasteboard, but may, on being flattened, slide up and down the wire which supports without keeping them in a fixed position. The two strings passing through the holes in the round should be united and passed through the two holes pierced at the north pole and the south pole. The ap- paratus thus constructed is clearly shown in the cut. Now set the round of pasteboard in motion till the strings are twisted, then



draw on the strings to produce the swift rotation of the round. In doing so you will see the meridians lose their circular form; the parts corresponding to the two poles become flattened, while a corresponding enlargement is visible at the center. This experiment illustrates exactly what takes place when the earth turns on its axis, and will make a child readily understand the process.

The Trotting Dogs.

The accompanying illustration is from an excellent photograph of the trotting dog, Major and his running mate Bob, owned by Master Tommy Turner, of Brantford, Ont., who also appears in the picture. Major, who is considered one of the best trotting dogs in the country, was bought for 50 cents, but his owner has just refused \$200 for him. He has been in about forty races, matched against ponies, roadsters, running dogs and foot runners, and has taken first money in



all but two of them, getting second money in those. Major's principal race was the Six Nations Indians' Fall Race. He left six of the fastest Indian runners from 200 to 300 yards behind him, doing the distance in 1:34. He is a square trotter and was never known to break. His owner is willing to match his team against any trotting dog with a running mate in the country. Bob is a yearling by Major. Our picture is from a photograph by W. A. Braun.

A Pineknut Squirrel Hunt.

A pineknut squirrel hunt is about the most exciting sport I know, says an ex- change. In the pine woods of the south there are a great many squirrels and the ground is covered with knots. These are very hard and their shape renders them much easier than stones to throw straight. Frequently parties of expert throwers are formed to kill squirrels without guns and it is remarkable how successful they are. When a squirrel is sighted the man who discovers him has the first throw, and if the squirrel is not hit it belongs to whoever gets it. About one-half of the throws bring the squirrels down and the party will often return with one hundred of the animals. As the trees are high and the squirrels are usually on the ground, the hunt is a very exciting one.

The Bamboo.

Although no production of China is of so much importance to us as tea, there are others of equal or perhaps superior value to the Chinese themselves. Among these may be classed the bamboo.

The bamboo is a genus of grass, of which most of the species attain a great size, many of them being twenty or thirty feet in height; some, says a good authority, over seventy feet. The species are numer- ous, and are found in all tropical and sub- tropical countries, both in the eastern and western hemispheres. The stems of the bamboo are jointed, very hard, but light and elastic, hollow, containing only a light spongy pith, except at the joints, where they are divided by strong partitions.

Although the bamboo is of great service to the inhabitants of every country in which it grows, it seems doubtful whether any people put it to as many different uses as the Chinese. In their hands the bamboo may almost be considered a universal material, for they perform with it operations the most various and dissimilar that can well be imagined. They manufacture with it stools, tables, chairs, bedsteads, and all other articles of furniture. It supplies scaffolding for building, masts and yards for shipping, carts and wheelbarrows for husbandry, wheels and tubes for irrigation. Split into laths, and ropes, cords and twine for all purposes, from the rigging of a ship to the wick of a candle. Woven, it becomes a sail-cloth or a sacking; macerated into a pulp, it is made into paper, and mixed up with lime it is used to calk ships. By fastening together four of these reeds, swimming jackets are constructed, capable of supporting one or more persons, and a mat is thus made which supports a man in shallow water, and which is used by the Chinese in a variety of ways.

GROPING UNDER THE SEA.

Reminiscences of an Old Diver—A Dash for Life.

"Captain Phil" Dacey and "Old Tom" Allen are as congenial and comfortable a pair of housemates as you could find in a week's walk. They are both divers by profession, or rather they were, for they have now retired from active service and settled down to the quiet enjoyment of their hard-earned savings.

When I called at their home a few days ago Old Tom was out, but I received a most cordial welcome from Captain Phil, whom I found seated in a cozy arm chair smoking his pipe.

"Adventures!" said Captain Phil. "Well, yes, I have had my share of 'em, I reckon. It would be a strange thing if I hadn't met



I was Kept There a Full Half Hour a-scratching that Mangy Shark.

with some odd and startling experiences in thirty-five years of groping around on the ragged old floor of the ocean.

"I remember a nasty half hour I once had of it while I was working on a wreck in the West Indies. She was a large steamer that had struck a reef and then slipped off into deep water, taking down the mails and a valuable cargo with her, though luckily all the passengers and crew were saved. Well, there were some papers as were particularly wanted and I was in the chartroom under the bridge, looking for them, when suddenly, as I turned I saw the wicked snout of a big shark close to me. Nice fix for any one with delicate sort of nerves to be in, wasn't it? I pinned in a corner of a little square room and a big brute between you and the door. I went creepy all over, but I kept still and so did he. I got my knife, which we carry screwed in our belt, loose. I'd make a fight for it if the gentleman began any little game. So, there we were, each staring at the other, and each waiting for the other to make a move.

"At last I stared him out of countenance, I suppose. Leastways he slued himself round and I see him drift towards the far side, so I begin to sidle for the door. As soon as I begin to move he gets uneasy, maybe my tube touched him or the air bubbles frightened him; anyhow he makes a rush for the door and I respectfully makes way for the flourishes of his tail; but when he was off I was off up too, pretty lively.

"They say, sir, all animals have a fear of man, but sharks don't seem to recognize a man in a diver's costume. They often come poking around and smelling at us like so many great dogs. The greatest danger about the critters is that they might get too curious about the air tubes and sample it with their teeth, and that, you see, sir, would be a settler for the man, sure enough. I caught one opening his jaws for this purpose one time and gave him a clip on the nose with my crowbar. He went off like a shot and never bothered me again.

"Another time an immense brute came where I was working and I stops and backs quietly to let him pass. But he don't. He came nearer. I wasn't particularly anxious for his company so I kept getting out of his way. But the shark kept on and soon I found I couldn't go a step farther for he had me jammed up against a rock. I was relieved to see that the critter didn't open his jaws, however, and I put this between my body and the sensation was just about that of having a cow rubbing its body against you. But these sharp iron points seemed to be just what he wanted. He took it like a great pig, bending his body and turning over on his side so as to present a fresh surface to the scratcher. Would you believe it, sir, I was kept there a full half hour a scratching that mangy shark, and I suppose the operation must have done him good, for at last he moved away and I didn't see him again until the next day when he returned for another application. That was the only time I held the job of scratcher to a shark.

"I think, sir, the greatest shock I ever got from a shark was one time when I was blowing up a reef of rocks so as to enlarge a little harbor on the coast. It was my work to make a hole to put in a charge of dynamite. When I went down every morning I would go over to a certain ledge which was always a good resting place for lobsters. Morning after morning I used to find two or three of those 'crustaceans,' as a well-educated friend of mine calls them, and one day I walked right up to this ledge

I discovered that my precious paw was groping within six inches of the mouth of a big shark which had retired to rest in the cavity. The brute must have been as much alarmed as I was, for it made one spring from its resting place and disappeared in the dark wall of the ocean. You can just bet I let lobsters alone after that and attended strictly to business.

"But sharks and such critters are not the only danger. You see, sir, when we move about a wreck the air tube and the line follow us and we have to be mighty careful always to come back the same way we go; because you see if we pass anything on the way or go around a mast or under a companion ladder, and come back t'other side of it, the tube and line kink round it and bring you up all standing, and you have to go back and following, your tube the way you come. Sometimes, if you have been down a goodish while, and moving about a lot, you get mixed and forget your bearings and are in a pretty fix. Why, once I remember I was over an hour following my tube like a puzzle before I could find my way out of the engine room in which I was working.

"If it happen that a man can't nowadays free himself and it's all touch and go with him, if he's only got a clear way above him, he has one last chance, and a desperate one it is. He goes to work and knocks off his back and chest weights, shuts the escape valve which lets out the used-up air in his helmet, gets himself as full of air as ever he can, then cuts the tube above him, when, if he has luck, he tears clear and shoots up through the water. Of course it's a risky chance and to prevent too quick a rush up you have to fasten your waist line to somewhere below, and hold on to it going up.

"I remember my poor comrade, Jim Rollins. Jim got fouled somehow, and decided upon cutting his tube, so he signals for more air, and away the pumps rattled suddenly there is a rush of bubbles through the water and the next moment we feel a blow on the bottom of our boat. 'Heavens, that's Jim!' I cried, and so it was. We got hold of him as quick as lightning and had him aboard and his helmet off in no time, but the poor chap was dead, sir, dead as a herring. An hour or two afterwards a great blue line showed all round his chest and shoulders just where the helmet sits. The doctor said he must have hit our keel full tilt with his head and the blow drove the helmet with such force as to crush all the lungs and things in his chest. He forgot to fix his waist line, poor chap, and you see he couldn't stop his shooting up.

"Ay, sir, we see a good many startling sights in our business. Down Cape Cod way a few years back a vessel ran on a rock and went down in eight fathoms of water. Everybody was saved except the captain and his wife. They were in the cabin at the time and as the vessel gave a lurch and sunk one of the sailors said he saw their pale faces staring out from the battened-down skylight. The captain's father wanted the bodies badly and he hired me to go down. When I stood on top of the cabin there sure enough were the



You Have to Fasten Your Waist Line to Somewhere Below.

two white faces glued to the glass just as the sailor had said. It didn't take me long to knock off the skylight, when up shoots the two corpses like bladders through the water, where the hands aloft got hold of them and lifted them into the boat. I tell you, sir, it was a gruesome sight.

"Well, sir, I could tell you yams of this sort by the hour, but here comes Old Tom. I guess he can give you a few odd experiences. Between you and me, though, you mustn't believe more than half he says. He's a great romancer, Tom is."

George H. Westley.

Its Own Reward.

No endeavor is in vain;
Its reward is in the doing,
And the rapture of pursuing
Is the prize the vanquished gain.

—Longfellow.

Onward!

Old Past, let go, and drop in the sea
Till fathomless waters cover thee!
For I am living, but thou art dead;
Thou drawest back, I strive ahead
The Day to find.

—Sidney Lanier.

A Doubtful Compliment.

Fred—What do you think of my argument?
Will—Sound—most certainly sound.
"And what else?"
"Nothing else—merely sound."

From Johnny's Point of View.

"Do you enjoy being a coon?"
"No, I don't."

AFTER COONS.

By A. E. Leach.

It was a moonlight winter night in the south, and Tom and Jerry, "the town boys," sat with Joe upon "the office."

Around the big Virginia farm, one of the real old of the war, is a room built at various distances from the house, where the master of the place is supposed to attend to his business and receive all visitors other than social callers.

Sometimes there is a chamber overhead where a visitor or a member of the family can sleep when the house is full at such times as holidays, or weddings. The office nowadays is a sort of lounging place for the men and boys of the family, usually the boys, who can make as much noise as they want to without being disturbed by the sound of a maternal knock or a paternal admonishing.

The "Spring Point" boys had taken "the office" for their own exclusive property. They had their saddles and bridles hung upon the walls, and pictures out of illustrated papers tacked up here and there.

Sam, who was always making collections, had his cabinet in one corner, and Joe, who read everything he could put his hands on, and played an old fiddle between whistles, had his books and battered old violin case in another. There were fishing poles and "shanty sticks," and Indian clubs, and all sorts of boys' belongings all about.

Joe was playing "The Devil and the Sailors" tonight as they sat by the fire, the big pine knots making the room as bright as day. There was a clatter at the door, and when Sam sang out "Come in!" a coal black woolly head was stuck in, and a thick tongue asked:

"Doesn't you all want to bring de dawga coon huntin'?"

"That's what we do," Sam shouted, and ten minutes later they were all outside.

After they had started, Joe went back toward the office.

"Go on!" he called. "I'll be there by the time you reach the creek."

The other boys and darkeys and dogs walked up the creek bank until they came to two "John boats," a sort of skiff cut off at the end, and then they waited for Joe. He came down through the rustling cornfield where the stripped stalks were still standing. He carried an old cloth bundle under his arm.

"Brought along a waterproof?" Tom asked.

He was always laughing at his southern country cousins, because they took better care of their heads than he and Jerry did, and were not so tough. The city boys walked where the southern boys rode.

Joe didn't answer at all, but stepped into the boat and took an oar. They went down the creek for a mile until they came to a little cove in the forest, just the sort of a place where coons would come for crawfish.

The clouds had begun to drift over the moon, but there was a pale light through the mists, which made every object distinguishable.

The dogs were landed first, and ran sniffing about and into the forest, but being trained coon dogs they did not raise the cry until they treed their prey.

That was within ten minutes, and then they set up a yelping led by old Dandy's cry which made the woods echo.

"Hyar he am!" Heuson cried, "right hyar in this yar seekamore. Gimme th' ax. Th'r ain't no nigger kin climb dis hyar tree," and taking the ax on Heuson swung it above his head and made the chips fly.

Another darkey hacked away at the other side, and in a few minutes the tree was down.

But that was too smart a coon. It waited, sitting up there in the fork of the tree, its ringed tail hanging down and its bright little eyes glancing this way and that until its resting place began to totter, and then it gave one leap into another tree very near, and running cunningly out upon the end of a branch, where no darkey could climb to knock it off, it lay and looked mischievously down, as though it were enjoying the fun as much as anybody.

"You'll have to cut this tree down, too, Heus," Sam said; "but if this coon is so smart he'll jump again. We can't cut down the whole wood."

Then Joe unwrapped his bundle, and took out a sheaf of green pasteboard signs.

"Roman candles!" Jerry cried. "What on earth?"

But slow Joe never said a word. He lighted the candle and fired seven red and blue and green fiery balls straight into the face of the most bewildered coon that ever lived, and the poor dazed creature let go its hold out of sheer amazement, and came crashing down among the dogs.

But it regained its senses on the way down. It is a pretty hard matter to scare a coon to death, especially if it is an old one and the hero of many fights, as most old coons are in the Virginia woods.

It fell among the dogs, snapping and snarling, full of game, and sent Fiddle, one of the younger ones, yelping home. But old Dandy gave it a bite which settled it, and we took up a dead coon and went on.

"Well, of all the uses for a Roman candle," Tom observed.

"How did you come to think of it?" one of the other boys asked, a little envious maybe, that he had never conceived the idea of using fireworks on a coon hunt himself.

"It just popped into my head, I suppose," Joe replied.

It was hardly a minute until the dog took up their cry again, but this time there seemed to be a heavier, hoarser note in their voices.

"Goodness, oh, marster!" old Dandy claimed, "it 'pears like ole Heuson's a big coon this time. I 'lowed he was a little one."

The other dogs barked and yelped, and then, coming down the creek, they

there rang a cry which fairly

It was a deep, whirling shriek like a peevish woman in terrible pain, yet with a vicious sound. It made the boys think of the stories they had read of the Irish banshee's cry.

Old Heuson stood still. "Come 'long out o' here!" he said in a loud scared whisper. "Heah that air? It's a panther!"

The darkeys made one bolt in the direction of the creek, but the white boys did not move.

"What's a panther?" Tom asked.

"He means a panther," Joe said composedly. "I never heard one before, but the niggers are always telling stories about their being in these woods. I believe it is some of them trying to scare us. Anyway, I am going to see."

"You jes' come along hyar now, Joe," old Heuson entreated. "What 'm I gwine say to Marster Dick 'n you body et up by a panther in these woods? I told you cum home!"

There wasn't a gun in the crowd, but there was the ax, which one of the flying darkeys had dropped.

It was full moonlight again, and old Dandy could be seen wildly dancing about a tree that stood in a little clearing which let in the light. The boys went forward, old Heuson grumbling along behind them.

"Pick up that ax, Tom," Joe commanded. "I'm going to try a Roman candle on the beast any way. I don't believe anything with such a cowardly yell as that is hard to kill."

He put down his bundle and struck a match. It broke as he struck it, and the lighted end fell.

He struck another hastily, but before the fuse on the candle he held in his hand was fully lighted, a veritable fountain of fire rose up at their feet.

Green balls, blue balls, yellow balls, white balls of fire, went whizzing into the tree top by the hundred.

For one instant there was the sight of a tawny side lying along the limb of the tree, the vicious flat head extended, and then there came whirling down through the air a bulky body, which struck the ground with a thud.

Tom was not a trained football player for nothing. He knew how to jump like lightning, and this time he sprang with uplifted ax, that came down sharp and heavy upon the neck of a full grown panther.

They hardly knew how they got home and told their story, but there is a panther skin rug on the floor of the office these days. —The Argosy.

Javanese Tiger-Fight.

An English traveler in Java who saw one of the tiger-fights peculiar to the island thus describes the strange sport: The tiger is set down in a trap in the center of the Allon-Allon, or a great square, and is surrounded by a triple or quadruple line of spearmen, about a hundred yards distant from him.

When all is ready, a Javanese advances at a very slow pace, to the sound of soft music; and sets fire to the trap, at the same time, opening the door at the back part of the cage, which, by the way is too narrow for the tiger to turn in.

As the fire begins to singe his whiskers, he gradually backs out. The man, as soon as he has opened the door, begins walking toward the crowd at a slow pace, and the slower he is, the more applause does he gain.

The tiger, meanwhile, having backed out of his burning prison, is rather astonished at finding himself surrounded by hundreds of people, each pointing a spear at him.

If he is a bold tiger, he canters round the circle, almost touching the spears; finding no opening, then he returns to the center, fixes his eye on one spot, and with a loud roar dashes straight at it.

He is received on the spears, and though he crushes many as if they were mere reeds, in half a minute he falls dead, pierced by a hundred weapons.

In some instances, however, the roar and charge are too much for the Javanese, and they give way. The sport then becomes rather dangerous to spectators.

Golf.

Nowadays we read a great deal about golf and golf players, but while every Scotch boy knows all about it, just as every American boy knows baseball, it is probable that nine out of every ten American boys never saw the game played, and have no idea of its rules.

A golf ground is called a link, and is an open place bounded usually by rough country. A golf course varies from two to five miles in length, so you see a boy who plays must have plenty of endurance.

A small gutta percha ball and several clubs of different sizes are used by each player. These clubs are carried by a companion to the player, who is called a "caddy." The necessary clubs are two wooden ones called "the driver" and "the putter."

A one iron club called "the cleek." The striking point is "the teeing place," and is marked by two lines across the coupe.

Clubs of about four inches in diameter and with iron are placed in the course about every hundred yards. The golfer begins at the teeing ground and the players try to put their balls in with the fewest number of strokes.

When one player has holed his ball the play proceeds to the next hole. The greatest number of holes wins the game.

Her First Opportunity.

Refuseness to the memory of the lost is one of the most amiable of human traits.

"Why, Bridget," exclaimed a lady, as she met an old servant unexpectedly, "for whom are you in black?"
"For poor Tom, me furrst husband, mum. When he died I was that poor I couldn't, but I was if I ever could I would; and me new man, Mike, is as generous as a lamb."

Only One Way.

It takes a small boy to express a thing with unconventional force and accuracy.

"The water in this spring is awful good, mother," said a little boy from the city.

"Is it?" answered his

TRUST

A

rang a cry which fairly

whining shriek like a

in a loud scold whined

It's a painter!

he don't believe anything

along here now, Joe,"

What 'm I gwine

gun in the crowd, but

light again, and old Dan

little clearing which

Tom, Joe commanded,

a Roman candle on the

don't believe anything

along here now, Joe,"

What 'm I gwine

gun in the crowd, but

light again, and old Dan

little clearing which

THE SUPREME COURT.

Decisions Rendered Friday, August 31, 1894.

REPORTED FOR THE CONSTITUTION

By Peoples and Stevens, Reporters for the Supreme Court of the State of Georgia.

Conley v. Arnold et al. Before Judge Lumpkin. Fulton superior court.

1. In a civil case, the counsel for one of the parties was legally disqualified to appear and take part in the trial by reason of his being a solicitor general and, as such, being acquired from the opposite party a knowledge of the facts involved in the case, but no objection to his competency, at this or any other ground, was presented to the court until after verdict, the objection came too late.

2. Matter pleaded in mitigation of damages is not objectionable as mitigation because it would not serve to justify.

3. In an action for a personal injury, where a plea of justification is filed and the jury find for the plaintiff damages to the amount of one dollar, and the verdict is contrary to law, for in such case failure of the defendant to prove justification entitles the plaintiff to a verdict which would carry the costs of the action, and under section 381 of the code, a verdict for one dollar and costs would not have this effect.

Judgment reversed.

D. E. Hall, for plaintiff in error.

W. B. Hill, contra.

Adams v. Melson. Before Judge Clark. Clayton superior court.

A case was tried in December, 1892, under the superior court, and at that time an order was passed setting that a motion for a new trial had been filed, and allowing motion, until the third Saturday in January, 1893, and until such time as the motion was denied, and the court, in which to perfect his motion and prepare a copy of the written and brief of the oral testimony in the case. On the day last named, the hearing of the motion was held, and the court, on the 4th day of February, the hearing was then, by another consent order, again continued until the March term, 1893, of the court. Neither of these consent orders designated expressly any time within which the brief of evidence might be filed or approved, or made any reference whatever to this subject.

At the March term the motion was denied, and a new trial was granted. The motion to dismiss recites that a brief of evidence was filed in the clerk's office August 28, 1893, but it does not appear that the same was ever approved before November 15th, the time when the motion was heard and disposed of.

Under the facts, the two continuances by consent carried the whole matter into open court at March term, the order granted at that time, and the same with reference to the September term, and the order granted at the latter term and subsequently thereunto are susceptible of construction which would carry the whole matter into November 15th, the time when the motion was actually heard and decided in vacation. The presiding judge having by his action adopted this construction, there was no abuse of discretion for him to approve the brief of evidence at that time, so actual injustice was done by the court, so far as appears, having resulted from his so doing when the motion was refused to dismiss the motion for a new trial.

Judgment affirmed.

G. D. Stewart and Watterston & Kimsey, for plaintiff in error.

John L. Doyne, contra.

United Underwriters' Insurance Company et al. v. Powell & Co. Before Judge Harris. Coweta superior court.

1. The action being against several defendants, and some of them having deeded several to the petition as present, and no cause of action against them, the court having overruled their demurrers, they were entitled by virtue of an act approved October 16, 1891, amending section 426 of the code, to bring that decision by direct writ of error to this court for review, although the suit was still pending below as to a defendant who did not deede.

2. A floating policy of insurance which declares that it does not cover cotton which there is any more specific insurance, does not embrace or apply to any cotton which is specifically insured in another company, and, therefore, is not subject to share with the other company the burden of loss sustained by the latter or by the insured in respect to the cotton covered by the more specific insurance.

3. The company issuing the floating policy cannot be called upon to contribute to a loss resulting from the destruction of the cotton covered by the more specific insurance, although the policy touching the latter contains a clause providing that in case of any other insurance upon the property hereby insured, whether by the insured or by any other person, the assured shall be entitled to recover of this company the greater proportion of the loss sustained than the sum hereby insured bears to the whole amount insured thereon, whether by specific or floating policies.

Judgment reversed.

Jackson, Leftwich & Black, for plaintiff in error.

Dorsey, Brewster & Howell, contra.

Matis v. Western Union Telegraph Company. Before Judge Fish. Sumter superior court.

The statute imposing upon telegraph companies a penalty for default in the transmission or delivery of messages is based upon public policy, and has for its object the quickening of the diligence of the companies in the performance of their duty to the public. With this object in view, it seeks to encourage both the sender and addressee of messages to sue for the penalty by offering to the one who shall first sue the whole amount of the recovery. For this company to protect itself against the payment of the penalty by the sender, by tendering a message to it at the time of receiving from him the message to be sent, that it will not be liable under the statute, is a penalty presented to it or its agents in writing with the message, and the sender is filed for sixty days after the message is sent, and all such contracts are void and of no effect.

Judgment reversed. Simmons, Justice, dissenting.

Harden, Davis & Turner, W. T. Lane and J. Dodson & Son, for plaintiff in error.

Gustie, Gentry & Hall, contra.

Pritchett, administrator, v. Commissioners Roads and Reap. on the county.

Where a case was argued in this court on October term, 1893, and during the term on the 14th day of February, 1894, and the court, without being informed of this case on the 4th day of June, 1894, during the term, 1894, and after a trial had been transmitted to the court below but minutes of that court were entered on the minutes of this court, the court, in this case, it is within the power of this court at any time before the expiration of the term, 1894, to pass an order declaring that the judgment of the court below be of force and effect as of January 1894, and that the case be argued and submitted for decision, and to order the withdrawal of the remittitur first issued, and with the fact above recited, Mayorman, 100 U. S. 4, 1875; Mitchell v. Over, 1894.

Judge Joseph H. Lumpkin, of the Atlanta circuit, presiding, and Chief Justice R. E. R. Moore, of the Superior Court, and R. J. McCamy, A. M. Fouts and A. S. Johnson, of the Superior Court, were present.

exercises the rights and powers ostensibly conferred by law, and the legislature and contracts debts and obligations, whether in its original name or by a name which it has assumed and used by reason of supposed legislative authority for changing its name, it is nevertheless a corporation in law, not only with reference to transactions referred to the general law under which it was incorporated, but also as to those referred to the special legislation, whether that legislation be valid or invalid. If it be invalid, acts based upon it would be, at most, ultra vires; but in a court of equity they would not on that account be less binding force upon the corporation and its stockholders, the corporation having by its negative permission and acquiescence its stockholders held itself out as competent, under color of law, to perform these acts, and by their performance having procured credit and induced creditors to part with their money on the faith of its contract to secure and repay the same. No just application of the doctrine of ultra vires will allow corporation to set value received, and then refuse to pay, whether the refusal be at its own instance or at the instance of its stockholders or a portion of the same.

J. B. D. Ship, Berner & Bloodworth and H. D. D. Twigg, for plaintiff in error.

Barney & Hall and E. A. Hawkins, contra.

WEATHER SYNOPSIS AND FORECAST

The reports received by the weather bureau last night showed the controlling features of the weather to be an area of low barometric pressure central over the southwest, with its center over Rapid City, S. D., and from that point east and southward the pressure gradually increased and terminated in an area of high pressure over the entire eastern portion of the country. No rain has as yet developed from the northwestern low, but it is making influence felt in the way of heat. The distribution of heat is very anomalous, the warmest section being the extreme north-west and central valleys, while the coolest places were to be found along the south Atlantic coast and in the great lakes region. As forecasted yesterday, the weather was somewhat warmer than the day previous, the maximum temperature being 89 degrees. It is likely to remain at about that level for several days.

The weather throughout the country at 7 o'clock last night was generally cloudy, with a few showers of rain in the north-east. Light rains fell at points situated in the southeastern coast and Gulf States, and heavy rains were reported from Texas, San Antonio reported over one inch in 24 hours.

For Georgia today: Fair; continued high temperature.

Local Report for August 31, 1894.

Mean daily temperature..... 73
Normal temperature..... 73
Normal temperature..... 73
Lowest in twenty-four hours..... 69
Highest in twenty-four hours..... 77
Rainfall for twenty-four hours..... 0.00
Deficiency of rainfall since January 1st..... 0.00

Weather Bulletin.

Observations taken at 7 o'clock p. m.:

Barometric Pressure..... 30.00
Wind Velocity..... 0.00
Rainfall..... 0.00
Maximum Temperature..... 73
Minimum Temperature..... 69

STATIONS AND STATE

OF WEATHER.

Barometric Pressure..... 30.00
Wind Velocity..... 0.00
Rainfall..... 0.00
Maximum Temperature..... 73
Minimum Temperature..... 69

Barometric Pressure..... 30.00
Wind Velocity..... 0.00
Rainfall..... 0.00
Maximum Temperature..... 73
Minimum Temperature..... 69

Barometric Pressure..... 30.00
Wind Velocity..... 0.00
Rainfall..... 0.00
Maximum Temperature..... 73
Minimum Temperature..... 69

Barometric Pressure..... 30.00
Wind Velocity..... 0.00
Rainfall..... 0.00
Maximum Temperature..... 73
Minimum Temperature..... 69

Barometric Pressure..... 30.00
Wind Velocity..... 0.00
Rainfall..... 0.00
Maximum Temperature..... 73
Minimum Temperature..... 69

Barometric Pressure..... 30.00
Wind Velocity..... 0.00
Rainfall..... 0.00
Maximum Temperature..... 73
Minimum Temperature..... 69

Barometric Pressure..... 30.00
Wind Velocity..... 0.00
Rainfall..... 0.00
Maximum Temperature..... 73
Minimum Temperature..... 69

Barometric Pressure..... 30.00
Wind Velocity..... 0.00
Rainfall..... 0.00
Maximum Temperature..... 73
Minimum Temperature..... 69

Barometric Pressure..... 30.00
Wind Velocity..... 0.00
Rainfall..... 0.00
Maximum Temperature..... 73
Minimum Temperature..... 69

Barometric Pressure..... 30.00
Wind Velocity..... 0.00
Rainfall..... 0.00
Maximum Temperature..... 73
Minimum Temperature..... 69

Barometric Pressure..... 30.00
Wind Velocity..... 0.00
Rainfall..... 0.00
Maximum Temperature..... 73
Minimum Temperature..... 69

Barometric Pressure..... 30.00
Wind Velocity..... 0.00
Rainfall..... 0.00
Maximum Temperature..... 73
Minimum Temperature..... 69

Barometric Pressure..... 30.00
Wind Velocity..... 0.00
Rainfall..... 0.00
Maximum Temperature..... 73
Minimum Temperature..... 69

Barometric Pressure..... 30.00
Wind Velocity..... 0.00
Rainfall..... 0.00
Maximum Temperature..... 73
Minimum Temperature..... 69

Barometric Pressure..... 30.00
Wind Velocity..... 0.00
Rainfall..... 0.00
Maximum Temperature..... 73
Minimum Temperature..... 69

Barometric Pressure..... 30.00
Wind Velocity..... 0.00
Rainfall..... 0.00
Maximum Temperature..... 73
Minimum Temperature..... 69

Barometric Pressure..... 30.00
Wind Velocity..... 0.00
Rainfall..... 0.00
Maximum Temperature..... 73
Minimum Temperature..... 69

Barometric Pressure..... 30.00
Wind Velocity..... 0.00
Rainfall..... 0.00
Maximum Temperature..... 73
Minimum Temperature..... 69

Barometric Pressure..... 30.00
Wind Velocity..... 0.00
Rainfall..... 0.00
Maximum Temperature..... 73
Minimum Temperature..... 69

Barometric Pressure..... 30.00
Wind Velocity..... 0.00
Rainfall..... 0.00
Maximum Temperature..... 73
Minimum Temperature..... 69

Barometric Pressure..... 30.00
Wind Velocity..... 0.00
Rainfall..... 0.00
Maximum Temperature..... 73
Minimum Temperature..... 69

Barometric Pressure..... 30.00
Wind Velocity..... 0.00
Rainfall..... 0.00
Maximum Temperature..... 73
Minimum Temperature..... 69

Barometric Pressure..... 30.00
Wind Velocity..... 0.00
Rainfall..... 0.00
Maximum Temperature..... 73
Minimum Temperature..... 69

Barometric Pressure..... 30.00
Wind Velocity..... 0.00
Rainfall..... 0.00
Maximum Temperature..... 73
Minimum Temperature..... 69

Barometric Pressure..... 30.00
Wind Velocity..... 0.00
Rainfall..... 0.00
Maximum Temperature..... 73
Minimum Temperature..... 69

Barometric Pressure..... 30.00
Wind Velocity..... 0.00
Rainfall..... 0.00
Maximum Temperature..... 73
Minimum Temperature..... 69

Barometric Pressure..... 30.00
Wind Velocity..... 0.00
Rainfall..... 0.00
Maximum Temperature..... 73
Minimum Temperature..... 69

Barometric Pressure..... 30.00
Wind Velocity..... 0.00
Rainfall..... 0.00
Maximum Temperature..... 73
Minimum Temperature..... 69

Barometric Pressure..... 30.00
Wind Velocity..... 0.00
Rainfall..... 0.00
Maximum Temperature..... 73
Minimum Temperature..... 69

Barometric Pressure..... 30.00
Wind Velocity..... 0.00
Rainfall..... 0.00
Maximum Temperature..... 73
Minimum Temperature..... 69

Barometric Pressure..... 30.00
Wind Velocity..... 0.00
Rainfall..... 0.00
Maximum Temperature..... 73
Minimum Temperature..... 69

Barometric Pressure..... 30.00
Wind Velocity..... 0.00
Rainfall..... 0.00
Maximum Temperature..... 73
Minimum Temperature..... 69

Barometric Pressure..... 30.00
Wind Velocity..... 0.00
Rainfall..... 0.00
Maximum Temperature..... 73
Minimum Temperature..... 69

Barometric Pressure..... 30.00
Wind Velocity..... 0.00
Rainfall..... 0.00
Maximum Temperature..... 73
Minimum Temperature..... 69

Barometric Pressure..... 30.00
Wind Velocity..... 0.00
Rainfall..... 0.00
Maximum Temperature..... 73
Minimum Temperature..... 69

Barometric Pressure..... 30.00
Wind Velocity..... 0.00
Rainfall..... 0.00
Maximum Temperature..... 73
Minimum Temperature..... 69

Barometric Pressure..... 30.00
Wind Velocity..... 0.00
Rainfall..... 0.00
Maximum Temperature..... 73
Minimum Temperature..... 69

Barometric Pressure..... 30.00
Wind Velocity..... 0.00
Rainfall..... 0.00
Maximum Temperature..... 73
Minimum Temperature..... 69

Barometric Pressure..... 30.00
Wind Velocity..... 0.00
Rainfall..... 0.00
Maximum Temperature..... 73
Minimum Temperature..... 69

THEY DON'T AGREE.



This is a bottle of POND'S EXTRACT—small size. We have 'em bigger. This is a Jersey Mosquito—small size. We have 'em much bigger.

For INSTANT RELIEF

from Sting of Mosquito Bites

from Heat of Sunburn

apply

Pond's Extract

IT IS

Cooling Refreshing Healing

For all external wounds and inflamed surfaces a wonderful healer.

Bathe the Aching Head or the Swollen Feet with POND'S EXTRACT. What Comfort!

When the mosquitoes start molesting you do this work, then use something else "just in case" in place of Pond's Extract. But when the mosquitoes come themselves use nothing but genuine Pond's Extract. Manufactured only by POND'S EXTRACT CO., 75 Fifth Ave., N. Y. City.

For Georgia today: Fair; continued high temperature.

Local Report for August 31, 1894.

Mean daily temperature..... 73
Normal temperature..... 73
Normal temperature..... 73
Lowest in twenty-four hours..... 69
Highest in twenty-four hours..... 77
Rainfall for twenty-four hours..... 0.00
Deficiency of rainfall since January 1st..... 0.00

Weather Bulletin.

Observations taken at 7 o'clock p. m.:

Barometric Pressure..... 30.00
Wind Velocity..... 0.00
Rainfall..... 0.00
Maximum Temperature..... 73
Minimum Temperature..... 69

STATIONS AND STATE

OF WEATHER.

Barometric Pressure..... 30.00
Wind Velocity..... 0.00
Rainfall..... 0.00
Maximum Temperature..... 73
Minimum Temperature..... 69

Barometric Pressure..... 30.00
Wind Velocity..... 0.00
Rainfall..... 0.00
Maximum Temperature..... 73
Minimum Temperature..... 69

Barometric Pressure..... 30.00
Wind Velocity..... 0.00
Rainfall..... 0.00
Maximum Temperature..... 73
Minimum Temperature..... 69

Barometric Pressure..... 30.00
Wind Velocity..... 0.00
Rainfall..... 0.00
Maximum Temperature..... 73
Minimum Temperature..... 69

Barometric Pressure..... 30.00
Wind Velocity..... 0.00
Rainfall..... 0.00
Maximum Temperature..... 73
Minimum Temperature..... 69

Barometric Pressure..... 30.00
Wind Velocity..... 0.00
Rainfall..... 0.00
Maximum Temperature..... 73
Minimum Temperature..... 69

Barometric Pressure..... 30.00
Wind Velocity..... 0.00
Rainfall..... 0.00
Maximum Temperature..... 73
Minimum Temperature..... 69

Barometric Pressure..... 30.00
Wind Velocity..... 0.00
Rainfall..... 0.00
Maximum Temperature..... 73
Minimum Temperature..... 69

Barometric Pressure..... 30.00
Wind Velocity..... 0.00
Rainfall..... 0.00
Maximum Temperature..... 73
Minimum Temperature..... 69

Barometric Pressure..... 30.00
Wind Velocity..... 0.00
Rainfall..... 0.00
Maximum Temperature..... 73
Minimum Temperature..... 69

Barometric Pressure..... 30.00
Wind Velocity..... 0.00
Rainfall..... 0.00
Maximum Temperature..... 73
Minimum Temperature..... 69

Barometric Pressure..... 30.00
Wind Velocity..... 0.00
Rainfall..... 0.00
Maximum Temperature..... 73
Minimum Temperature..... 69

Barometric Pressure..... 30.00
Wind Velocity..... 0.00
Rainfall..... 0.00
Maximum Temperature..... 73
Minimum Temperature..... 69

Barometric Pressure..... 30.00
Wind Velocity..... 0.00
Rainfall..... 0.00
Maximum Temperature..... 73
Minimum Temperature..... 69

Barometric Pressure..... 30.00
Wind Velocity..... 0.00
Rainfall..... 0.00
Maximum Temperature..... 73
Minimum Temperature..... 69

Barometric Pressure..... 30.00
Wind Velocity..... 0.00
Rainfall..... 0.00
Maximum Temperature..... 73
Minimum Temperature..... 69

Barometric Pressure..... 30.00
Wind Velocity..... 0.00
Rainfall..... 0.00
Maximum Temperature..... 73
Minimum Temperature..... 69

Barometric Pressure..... 30.00
Wind Velocity..... 0.00
Rainfall..... 0.00
Maximum Temperature..... 73
Minimum Temperature..... 69

Barometric Pressure..... 30.00
Wind Velocity..... 0.00
Rainfall..... 0.00
Maximum Temperature..... 73
Minimum Temperature..... 69

Barometric Pressure..... 30.00
Wind Velocity..... 0.00
Rainfall..... 0.00
Maximum Temperature..... 73
Minimum Temperature..... 69

Barometric Pressure..... 30.00
Wind Velocity..... 0.00
Rainfall..... 0.00
Maximum Temperature..... 73
Minimum Temperature..... 69

Barometric Pressure..... 30.00
Wind Velocity..... 0.00
Rainfall..... 0.00
Maximum Temperature..... 73
Minimum Temperature..... 69

Barometric Pressure..... 30.00
Wind Velocity..... 0.00
Rainfall..... 0.00
Maximum Temperature..... 73
Minimum Temperature..... 69

Barometric Pressure..... 30.00
Wind Velocity..... 0.00
Rainfall..... 0.00
Maximum Temperature..... 73
Minimum Temperature..... 69

Barometric Pressure..... 30.00
Wind Velocity..... 0.00
Rainfall..... 0.00
Maximum Temperature..... 73
Minimum Temperature..... 69

Barometric Pressure..... 30.00
Wind Velocity..... 0.00
Rainfall..... 0.00
Maximum Temperature..... 73
Minimum Temperature..... 69

Barometric Pressure..... 30.00
Wind Velocity..... 0.00
Rainfall..... 0.00
Maximum Temperature..... 73
Minimum Temperature..... 69

Barometric Pressure..... 30.00
Wind Velocity..... 0.00
Rainfall..... 0.00
Maximum Temperature..... 73
Minimum Temperature..... 69

Barometric Pressure..... 30.00
Wind Velocity..... 0.00
Rainfall..... 0.00
Maximum Temperature..... 73
Minimum Temperature..... 69

Barometric Pressure..... 30.00
Wind Velocity..... 0.00
Rainfall..... 0.00
Maximum Temperature..... 73
Minimum Temperature..... 69

Barometric Pressure..... 30.00
Wind Velocity..... 0.00
Rainfall..... 0.00
Maximum Temperature..... 73
Minimum Temperature..... 69

Barometric Pressure..... 30.00
Wind Velocity..... 0.00
Rainfall..... 0.00
Maximum Temperature..... 73
Minimum Temperature..... 69

Barometric Pressure..... 30.00
Wind Velocity..... 0.00
Rainfall..... 0.00
Maximum Temperature..... 73
Minimum Temperature..... 69

Barometric Pressure..... 30.00
Wind Velocity..... 0.00
Rainfall..... 0.00
Maximum Temperature..... 73
Minimum Temperature..... 69

Barometric Pressure..... 30.00
Wind Velocity..... 0.00
Rainfall..... 0.00
Maximum Temperature..... 73
Minimum Temperature..... 69

Barometric Pressure..... 30.00
Wind Velocity..... 0.00
Rainfall..... 0.00
Maximum Temperature..... 73
Minimum Temperature..... 69

Barometric Pressure..... 30.00
Wind Velocity..... 0.00
Rainfall..... 0.00
Maximum Temperature..... 73
Minimum Temperature..... 69

U WANT YOUR BOY TO LOOK HIS BEST AT School Opening.



Our Boys' Suits are stylish, well fitting and our suits, pants and odd pants have double seats and knees, a great improvement over the old style. Prices to suit all purses and the very lowest every time. We can fit most any man from our splendid fall stock. If you want a suit made to measure don't forget us.

EISEMAN & WEIE,

The Straightforward Outfitters,

3 WHITEHALL ST.

EDUCATIONAL.

SOUTHWEST VIRGINIA INSTITUTE, FOR YOUNG LADIES.

New and elegant building, costing \$150,000. Twenty-three officers and teachers from Europe and America. Capacity 300. Session opens September 1, 1894. Write for catalogue to SAMUEL D. JONES, President, Bristol, Va.-Tenn. July 1-26-94

KENTUCKY TRAINING SCHOOL, Incorporated.

A MILITARY SCHOOL WITH COLLEGIATE COURSE.

WHEN PARENTS LEARN

That their sons are as safe in their own hands as in the hands of the boys' physical and moral natures are as carefully trained as their mental; that their boy is TRAINED ACCORDING TO HIS NEEDS; and that it is our life work

TO TRAIN BOYS.

They will first send for our handsome catalogue and then send the boy, MAJOR C. W.

